

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCXC }

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## THE WAKERS.

The joyous morning ran and kissed the  
grass  
And drew his fingers through her  
sleeping hair,  
And cried, "Before thy flowers are  
well awake  
Rise, and the lingering darkness  
from thee shake.

"Before the daisy and the sorrel buy  
Their brightness back from that close-  
folding night,  
Come, and the shadows from thy  
bosom shake,  
Awake from thy thick sleep, awake,  
awake!"

Then the grass of that mounded meadow  
stirred  
Above the Roman bones that may not  
stir  
Though joyous morning whispered,  
shouted, sang:  
The grass stirred as that happy music  
rang.

O, what a wondrous rustling every-  
where!  
The steady shadows shook and thinned  
and died,  
The shining grass flashed brightness  
back for brightness,  
And sleep was gone, and there was  
heavenly lightness.

As if she had found wings, light as the  
wind,  
The grass flew, bent with the wind,  
from east to west,  
Chased by one wild gray cloud, and  
flashing all  
Her dews for happiness to hear  
morning call. . . .

But ev'n as I stepped out the bright-  
ness dimmed,  
I saw the fading edge of all delight.  
The sober morning waked the drowsy  
herds,  
And there was the old scolding of the  
birds.

The New Statesman.

*John Freeman.*

## NO MAN'S LAND.

No man's land is an eerie sight  
At early dawn in the pale gray light.  
Never a house and never a hedge  
In No Man's Land from edge to edge,  
And never a living soul walks there  
To taste the fresh of the morning air.  
Only some lumps of rotting clay,  
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?  
You can see them clearly on either hand,  
A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,  
Or a furrow of brown where the earth-  
works run  
From the Eastern hills to the Western  
sea,  
Through field or forest o'er river and  
lea;  
No man may pass them, but aim you  
well  
And Death rides across on the bullet or  
shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight  
When patrols crawl over at dead o'  
night;  
Boche or British, Belgian or French,  
You dice with death when you cross the  
trench.  
When the "rapid," like fire-flies in the  
dark,  
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,  
And you drop for cover to keep your  
head  
With your face on the breast of the  
four months dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land  
Is dogged by the shadows on either  
hand  
When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts  
o'erhead,  
Scares the great gray rats that feed on  
the dead,  
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-  
snatch  
May answer the click of your safety-  
catch.  
For the lone patrol, with his life in his  
hand,  
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

*J. Knight-Adkin.*

The Spectator.

## MORE GERMAN PROMISES TO AMERICA.

Influenced by a desire to keep America out of the war, an unshakable conscious or subconscious belief that the Allies cannot be beaten, and the hope of giving neutral aid at some time and in some manner to a movement towards peace, President Wilson and his advisers have again given Germany the benefit of the doubt. On April 19th the United States Government, through the American Ambassador in Berlin, delivered to the German Government what was in effect an ultimatum. The American Note was a severe indictment not only of the methods pursued by German submarines, but of the honesty and good faith of the German Government in its diplomatic exchanges with Washington. The ultimatum carried by the American Note was contained in the last paragraph and read as follows: "Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether. This action the Government of the United States contemplates with the greatest reluctance, but feels constrained to take in behalf of humanity and the rights of neutral nations."

The German reply to the above was not long in forthcoming. Exception was taken to many of the charges made by the United States, but it was agreed by the German Government that in the future submarine warfare against merchant vessels would be conducted in the same manner as if such submarines were cruisers, or, in other words, under the rules of international usage as agreed upon and practised by all civilized nations in the past. The

German reply intimated that such had been the conduct of German submarines in the past when attacks upon merchant vessels took place outside of the war-zone of the seas, but that now, out of high consideration for American opinion, recognized international law and the dictates of humanity would prevail even within the war-zone. This "concession" was, however, considered by Germany to entitle her to fresh effort on the part of America to induce England to modify her blockade of Germany. This was not actually made a condition, but it was stated that if America did not succeed in mitigating the severity of the English blockade the German Government reserved the right to a further consideration of the American demands with a view to a possible revision of the decision now made.

The American Government made prompt reply to this suggestion as follows: "To avoid any possible misunderstanding the Government of the United States notifies the Imperial Government that it cannot for a moment entertain, much less discuss, the suggestion that respect by the German naval authorities for the rights of citizens of the United States upon the high seas should in any way, or in the slightest degree, be made contingent upon the conduct of any other Government as affecting the rights of neutrals and non-combatants. The responsibility in such matters is single, not joint; absolute, not relative."

The German Government has made no further reply direct to Washington. There have been "conversations" with the American Ambassador in Berlin, but no official statement has been given out as to the result, and there probably will be none. Germany has agreed to the American demand in order to pre-

vent the severance of relations between the two countries. An attempt was made to impose conditions. America accepted the agreement and ignored the conditions. As the latter were suggested by Germany more for home consumption than in any expectation they would be considered by the United States nothing more may be heard of them. In view of the agreement by Germany the American Government can now do nothing except await results. If no more American lives are lost upon non-combatant merchant ships destroyed by German submarines the most serious phase of this particular controversy has passed. Should a German submarine make another "mistake," however, as in the case of the *Sussex*, the President could do nothing less than carry into effect at once and without further correspondence the ultimatum set forth in the Note of April 19th. If he fails to do this his critics, past and present, will be fully justified in their attacks upon him, and the best American opinion will not tolerate what could only be considered as an expedient, not to say cowardly, retreat.

Germany does not want a break with America. This is most emphatically shown in her every word of the past few months. It is believed in Berlin that if America ranges herself openly with the Allies several other now neutral countries will immediately follow suit. This would hasten the end of the war and render that end an even greater disaster than what is to happen to Germany in the course of the inevitable. Such a disaster would extend its effects over many years to come, and postpone indefinitely the re-creation of Germany's foreign commerce, the impressive foundation for which lies ready to hand as soon as the war is over and is to be found in the carrying capacity of the German steamships now interned in American harbors. It is also reported that the German Chancellor informed

the Reichstag that all hope of "starving" England by means of submarines must be given up, hence the sacrifice made to America did not possess the significance given to it by some German publicists.

From nearly every point of view President Wilson could not do otherwise than accept the German reply as satisfactory to America. The agreement to do what America required was there. The verbiage that surrounded that agreement and the conditions implied were not so linked with the main point at issue as to make them part and parcel thereof. It was quite possible to ignore all else but the compliance, especially as the United States Government, in a separate statement, reiterated its intention not to allow Germany to dictate the course of negotiations with other countries. It is also important and interesting to note that the arbitration treaty entered into by the British and American Governments has brought its first fruits, for Mr. Lansing, the American Secretary of State, has called attention to the not generally appreciated fact that no controversy has yet arisen between England and the United States which, under existing Anglo-American treaty obligations, would not have to be settled by arbitration should diplomatic exchanges fail to bring about an agreement. The same form of treaty was offered to Germany by America before the war, but, as has been the course with the German Government for some years past, an arrangement was declined. As Mr. Lansing says, the question of the wilful murder of American citizens would not have given rise to the exercise of the terms of such an arbitration treaty even had one existed with Germany, and as no such question is involved in Anglo-American controversies the questions at issue are far removed from those which have given rise to the crisis in German-American affairs.



President Wilson had the almost unanimous support of American public opinion in his ultimatum to Germany. He did not receive as unanimous support for his acceptance of the German reply as being satisfactory. The German reply was regarded as equivocal in substance, insolent in tone, and containing small promise of a continuance of future acceptable behavior, or, rather, a complete reform in her methods of submarine warfare. Diverted by an acute crisis in Mexican affairs, however, public clamor against the acceptance of the German reply soon died away, and the situation now awaits new developments to bring it to the fore again. Since the reply to America German submarines have sunk peaceful merchantmen allegedly without warning, but the details of these disasters are not at hand in sufficiently authenticated form to decide whether or not they constitute direct and unquestioned violation of German promises. There are many loopholes in the German position expressly provided for exit from tight corners. If a vessel is armed beyond the not yet determined limit allowed to a non-belligerent merchantman, if it attempts to defend itself with such armament as it has, or if it attempts escape there is room for German argument with the neutral country affected. So far as is known at this time no American rights have been invaded on the high seas by Germany since the reply to the American ultimatum, and the Washington Government is evidently agreeable to a "watchful waiting" policy, at the same time hoping most earnestly that Germany will keep within bounds sufficiently to allow of no further action.

There are other matters affecting the future relations of the two countries that are not settled. The seizure of important papers from the New York office of an agent of the German Embassy has furnished those permitted to see them with some most interesting

reading. Details of many plots against American and Canadian industry, plans for a German mobilization in America in case of war, full details of the arrangements made for German co-operation in Ireland, and other data of the liveliest interest to a half dozen Governments. As these papers were direct proof of violation of American neutrality the Washington Government has, it is understood, notified the Allied Governments of any dangers that might come to them from the plots so revealed. President Wilson is accused of warning Great Britain of the German plans for an invasion of Ireland, and is getting a large share of lively abuse from German and Irish sources, but the country as a whole is more concerned with these attempts to misuse American hospitality than with the assistance derived by the Allies from these disclosures. The German Ambassador in Washington has protested against the seizure and demanded the return of the papers on the ground that the office of this German agent in New York was a branch of the German Embassy and thus immune from invasion. Mr. Lansing has grimly asked the German Ambassador to specify any papers of which he demands the return, but no bill of particulars has yet been handed in, nor is it likely there will be, for all the most important documents are proof of pernicious activity on the part of German diplomatic officials, and to claim them would be an acknowledgment of a responsibility which is as yet denied. The end of this affair is not yet, and it is generally believed that the final outcome will be the recall of some of the minor German officials now in Washington. It has even been predicted that it will end in the recall of the Ambassador himself, but this is less probable. Count Bernstorff has weathered successfully many serious diplomatic gales in Washington since the war began, and it now looks as though the only

event which would take him back to Berlin before the end of the war is the severance of all diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany.

The Washington Government has been rather fortunate in a way in conducting affairs with Germany and Mexico at the same time. At every critical stage in one or the other complication public attention has been diverted elsewhere. When humiliation was threatened for America in connection with the expeditionary force into Mexico and the nation was being lashed into a political frenzy of disapproval by partisan newspapers Germany either torpedoed another ship or sent another Note. Just as the Washington Government was considering a most unsatisfactory reply from Germany the Mexicans most thoughtfully made a move which promised new dangers for the little American army so many miles in the interior of a hostile territory. And thus the shuttlecock of public interest has worked back and forth between Mexico and Berlin, bringing confusion and forgetfulness in the multiplicity of interests. This state of affairs can be well understood in England, for while such events as the recent Irish rebellion, a great Cabinet or political crisis, or anything else of public interest at home engrosses public attention, the vast war being waged on the Continent of Europe is in danger of temporary obscurity.

If Roosevelt had been President of the United States during the past two years an American army would now be in occupation of Mexico, and the United States would now be ranged openly and officially on the side of the Allies in the European war. As to the wisdom or the folly of such a course as compared with what President Wilson has done, or, rather, not done, controversy now rages in America. Discounting the political animus and purpose of much that is said it is not difficult to believe the

American nation would be better pleased with itself today had the Roosevelt probabilities taken place and America was now playing a part in the affairs of the world commensurate with her position, and the wealth, intelligence, and spirit of her people. It has been a question of leadership, and the months of dallying along primrose paths, keeping step to the pacific utterances of President Wilson and to the music of the Teutonic lyre, has not added one cubit to the spiritual structure of the American nation, and those who realize this have been growing restive. It has been impossible to still the groans of humanity crucified even to remote American ears, and the pleasures and profits of peace have not compensated for an uneasy conscience.

Many Americans believe that the war would be at its end today had America made protest against the violation of Belgium and taken prompt action following the unspeakable crime of the destruction of the *Lusitania*. Still more Americans believe that if the United States should act now even after two years of outrageous imposition by Germany upon American patience and hospitality, the war would be shortened by at least a year. This opinion is not held by Americans alone, for it is subscribed to by some of the Allies' most distinguished military authorities. There is no question in America as to who is the aggressor or as to which nations are having imposed upon them the burden of a most unwarranted and cruel military invasion, and the opinion is freely expressed in most unexpected quarters that the best form of mediation for peace would be one of force rather than to pose as a ready and subservient channel of communication. There seems little doubt that if President Wilson were able to separate the sheep from the goats—the Americans from the hyphenates—he would be amazed at the ready response he would find to

a less passive and enduring attitude towards events which encroach upon what Americans have been taught for nearly one hundred and fifty years to regard as outrages upon all humanity of which the one hundred million people of the United States constitute no negligible part. This spirit has been shown in a marked degree in the reception given in America to Germany's reply to the American ultimatum. No German promise is held to be worth consideration. The only thing that can justify President Wilson in his temporizing with German excuses and insolence is Germany's absolute compliance with American demands, and no one expects this to result. German promises, excuses, and explanations are now treated with cynical humor in the American Press. They have become bywords for bad faith and deception. Impatience with

*The Fortnightly Review.*

ineffectiveness is an American characteristic, sometimes carried to a point of cruelty in judging the individual, and the utter ineffectiveness of the attempt of the Government at Washington to make headway against German duplicity and ruthlessness, moral as well as physical, has created in the minds of many Americans an attitude of cynical contempt for themselves as represented in their own Government and the ease with which the public is gulled and misled by alien intriguers. This attitude finds expression in a thousand noticeable ways, in the Press, on the stage, in the daily interchange of speech. The situation is not unlike that which has preceded many notable upheavals of American public opinion in the past. It crystallizes into a definite belief to be acted upon when it is made articulate by an inspired spokesman.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

## THE LAST DAYS OF THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

The pathetic side of the last two or three years of Watts-Dunton's life was that he had outlived nearly every friend of youth and middle age, and with the one or two old friends of his own generation who survived he had lost touch. Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Borrow, William Black, Dr. Gordon Hake, Westland and Philip Marston, Jowett, Louise Chandler Moulton, William Sharp, James Russell Lowell, George Meredith were gone. Mr. William Rossetti, the only one of the old fraternity left, now rarely (he tells me) leaves his own home. In any case he and Watts-Dunton had not met for years. Mr. Edmund Gosse, once a frequent and always an honored visitor to "The Pines," was rarely if ever there during the years that I came and went.

It was between Swinburne and Mr. Gosse that the intimacy existed, though by both the intimates he was to the

last held in high regard. Mr. Gosse would have the world to believe that he grows old, but no one who knows him either personally or by his writings can detect any sign of advancing years. On the contrary both in the brilliance of his personality and of his later intellectual achievements he appears to possess the secret of eternal youth. It was neither oncoming years nor any lessening of friendship between him and Swinburne which was responsible for Mr. Gosse's defection, but the fact that he had added to his other duties that of Librarian to the House of Lords. This, and his many and increasing official and literary activities, kept and keep him closely occupied, and so it was that his name gradually, insensibly, dropped out of the list of visitors at "The Pines."

Mr. Thomas Hake was with Watts-Dunton to the end, and indeed it was not a little due to the help of "The Colonel"

(the name by which from his boyhood Mr. Hake was known at "The Pines" on account of his cousinship with Colonel, afterwards General Charles Gordon) that Watts-Dunton accomplished so much literary work in his last decade. Some of the younger men, Mr. Clement Shorter (accompanied now and then by his poet wife), Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Herbert Jenkins, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett and Mr. F. G. Bettany, remained in touch with "The Pines" until Watts-Dunton's death. I met none of them there myself, as, after I went to live a long way from London, my own visits were less frequent, and being a friend of older standing, with memories in common which none of the newer friends whom I have mentioned shared, it was generally arranged that I was the only guest. That there was no forgetfulness or lessening of friendship on Watts-Dunton's part towards his friends whom he so rarely met is evident by the following extract from a letter in reply to a question on my part whether it would be possible for him to be my guest at one of the Whitefriars Club weekly gatherings. "I should look forward," he wrote, "to seeing some of the truest and best friends I have in the world, including yourself, Robertson Nicoll, Richard Whiteing, and Clement Shorter. And when you tell me that F. C. Gould is a Friar (the greatest artistic humorist now living in England) I am tempted indeed to run counter to my doctor's injunctions against dining out this winter.

"The other day I had the extreme good luck to find and buy the famous lost water-color drawing of the dining-room at 16 Cheyne Walk, with Rossetti reading out to me the proofs of *Ballads and Sonnets*. I am sending photographs of it to one or two intimate friends and I enclose you one. The portrait of Rossetti is the best that has ever been taken of him."

Of all the friendships which Watts-Dunton formed late in life none was so prized by him as that with Sir William Robertson Nicoll. As it was I who made the two known to each other, and in doing so removed an unfortunate and what might have been permanent misunderstanding, I may perhaps be pardoned for referring to the matter here.

The name of Sir William coming up one day in a conversation. I discovered to my surprise that Watts-Dunton was feeling sore about some disparaging remark which Sir William was supposed to have made about him. I happened to know how the misunderstanding came about, and I told Watts-Dunton the following true story, illustrating how easily such misunderstandings arise, and illustrating, too, the petty and "small beer" side of "literary shop" gossip. It concerned an editor and an author. The author employed a literary agent who offered the editor one of the author's stories. "I have set my face against the middle man in literature," the editor replied. "If Mr. — likes to offer me his story direct, I'll gladly take it and pay his usual price per thousand words, but buy it through an agent I won't."

This came to the ears of the author, who remarked, "That's rather unreasonable on —'s part. I buy the periodical he edits through an agent. I don't expect him to stand in the gutter like a newsboy selling me his paper himself at the street corner, and I don't see why he should object to my offering him my wares by means of an agent."

This not unfriendly remark was overheard by someone, who told it to someone else, who repeated it to another person, that person in his turn passing it on, and so it went the round of Fleet Street and certain literary clubs. The copper coinage of petty personal gossip, unlike the pound sterling coin of the realm, becomes magnitudinally

greater, instead of microscopically less, by much circulation. Instead of infinitesimal attritions as in the case of the coin, there are multitudinous accretions, until the story as it ultimately started life, and the story as it afterwards came to be told, would hardly recognize each other at sight as blood relatives. By the time the innocent remark of the author came to the ears of the editor concerned it had so grown and become so garbled that its own father would not have known it. "Have you heard what So and So the author, said about you?" the editor was asked. "He said that he hoped to live to see you in the gutter, perhaps selling at the street corner the very paper you now edit." Not unnaturally the editor's retort was uncomplimentary to the author, who when the retort came to his ears expressed an opinion about the editor which was concerned with other matters than the editorial objection to the middle man in literature, and so a misunderstanding (fortunately long since removed) arose in good earnest.

I should not put this chronicle of journalistic small beer—a version as it is of the famous "Three Black Crows" story—on record, were it not that it was exactly in the same way that an innocent remark made by Sir William Robertson Nicoll had been misrepresented to Watts-Dunton. This I did my best to explain to the latter, but not feeling as sure as I wished to be that all soreness was removed, I asked him to lunch with me at the Savage Club, and then invited Dr. Nicoll, as he then was, to meet him. There was at first just a suspicion of an armed truce about Watts-Dunton, in whose memory the supposed attack upon himself was still smouldering, but his interest and pleasure in the conversation of a student and scholar of like attainments to his own soon dispelled the stiffness. A chance but warmly affectionate reference to Robertson Smith by Dr. Nicoll drew from Watts-Dunton that

long-drawn "Ah!" which those who knew him well remember as meaning that he was following with profound attention and agreement what was being said.

"Why I knew that man—one of the salt of the earth," he interpolated. Then he added gravely, more reminiscently than as if addressing anyone, "I had affection for him." Leaning over the table, his singularly brilliant and penetrating eyes full upon the other, he said almost brusquely, "Tell me what you knew of Robertson Smith!"

Dr. Nicoll responded, and within five minutes' time the two of them were talking together, comparing notes and exchanging experiences and confidences like old friends. As we were parting Watts-Dunton said to me, "You are coming to lunch on Monday. I wish I could persuade our friend Nicoll here to accompany you, so that Swinburne could share the pleasure of such another meeting as we have had here today."

The invitation was accepted by Dr. Nicoll with the cordiality with which it was offered, and I may add with the usual result for the intervener. "Patch up a quarrel between two other friends, and find yourself left out in the cold," Oscar Wilde once said to me. I had merely removed a misunderstanding, not patched up a quarrel; but the result of my bringing Watts-Dunton, Nicoll, and Swinburne together was that on the occasion of the first meeting of all three, they had so much to talk about and talked about it so furiously, that I had occasion to ask myself whether the "two" in the proverb should not be amended to "three" so as to read "Three's company; four's none." Thereafter and to his life's end Watts-Dunton could never speak too gratefully or appreciatively of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. He came indeed to hold the latter's judgment, alike in literature and scholarship, as in



other matters, in the same admiration with which Swinburne held the judgment of Watts-Dunton himself.

Thus far it is only of Watts-Dunton's friends that I have written, reserving the last place in my list, which in this case is the first in precedence, for the one and only name with which it is fitting that in my final word his name should be coupled. I have said that the pathetic side of his later years was that he had outlived so many of the men and women he loved. To outlive one's nearest and dearest friends must always be poignant and pathetic, but in other respects Watts-Dunton's life was a full and a happy one, and never more so than in these later years, for it was then that the one who was more than a friend, the woman he so truly loved, who as truly loved him, became his wife. In his marriage, as in his friendships, Watts-Dunton was singularly fortunate. Husband and wife entertained each for the other and to the last, love, reverence, and devotion. If to this Mrs. Watts-Dunton added exultant even jealous pride in her husband's intellect, his great reputation and attainments, he was even more proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and his one anxiety was that she should never know a care. When last I saw them together—married as they had been for many years—it was evident that Watts-Dunton had lost nothing of the wonder, the awe, perhaps even the perplexity with which from his boyhood and youth he had regarded that mystery of mysteries—womanhood. His love for her was deep, tender, worshiping, and abiding, albeit it had something of the fear with which one might regard some exquisite wild bird which, of its own choice, comes to the cage, and for love's sake is content to forego its native wood and, content even to rest with closed wings within the cage while without comes continually the call to the

green field, the great hills, and the glad spaces between sea and sky. Be that as it may, this marriage between a young and beautiful woman—young enough and beautiful enough to have stood for a picture of his adored Sinfi Lovell of "Aylwin"—whom in her own rich gipsy type of beauty Mrs. Watts-Dunton strangely resembled—and a poet, novelist, critic, and scholar who was no longer young, no longer even middle-aged, was from first to last a happy one. It is with no little hesitation that I touch even thus briefly and reverently upon a relationship too sacred and too beautiful for further words. Even this much I should not have said were it not that in marriages where some disparity of age exists the union is not always as fortunate, and were it not also that I know my friend would wish that his love and gratitude to the devoted wife who made his married years so supremely glad and beautiful should not go unremembered.

The last time I saw Watts-Dunton alive was shortly before his death. I spent a long afternoon with Mrs. Watts-Dunton and himself, and at night he and I dined alone, as Mrs. Watts-Dunton had an engagement. In my honor he produced a bottle of his old "Tennyson" port, lamenting that he could not join me, as the doctor had limited him to soda water or barley water. When I told him that I had recently been dining in the company of Sir Francis Gould, and that "F. C. G." had described soda water as a drink without a soul, Watts-Dunton was much amused. But his soul-less drink notwithstanding, I have never known him talk more brilliantly. He rambled from one subject to another, not from any lack of power to concentrate or lack of memory, but because his memory was so retentive and so co-ordinating that the mention of a name touched as it were an electric button in his memory which called up other associations.

And by rambling, I do not mean that he was discursive or vague. No matter how wide his choice of subject, one was conscious of a sense of unity in all that Watts-Dunton said. Religion might by others, and for convenience, be divided into creeds, philosophy into schools of thought, science into separate headings under the names of astronomy, geology, zoology, botany, physics, chemistry, and the like, but by him all these were considered as component parts—the one dovetailing into the other—of a perfect whole. One was conscious of no disconnection when the conversation slid from this science, that philosophy, or religion to another, for as carried on by him, it was merely as if he was presenting to the observer's eye different facets of the precious and single stone of truth. His was not the rambling talk of old age, for more or less rambling his talk had been ever since I had known him.

It was partly due to his almost infinite knowledge of every subject under the sun. The mere mention of a science, of a language, of a system of philosophy, of a bird, a flower, a star, or a name was as it were a text on which he would base one of his wonderful and illuminating disquisitions. His grasp of first principles was so comprehensive that he was able in a few words to present them boldly and clearly for the hearer's apprehension, whence he would pass on to develop some new line of thought. His interests were to the last so eager and youthful, that even what had seemed comparatively unessential side issues—as he spoke of them, suddenly opened up into new and fascinating vistas down which the search-light of his imagination would flash and linger before passing on from point to point to the final goal of his thought.

Rossetti often said that no man that ever he met could talk with the brilliancy, the beauty, the knowledge, and the truth of Watts-Dunton, whose very

"improvisation" in conversation Rossetti described as "perfect as a fitted jewel." Rossetti deplored too on many occasions his "lost" conversations with the author of *Aylwin*—lost because only by taking them down as spoken in shorthand could one remember the half of what was said, its incisive phrasing, its flashing metaphors and similes, and the "fundamental brain work" which lay at the back of all.

I am always glad to remember that on this, my last meeting with Watts-Dunton, he was intellectually at his best. He revived old memories of Tennyson, Rossetti, Browning, Lowell, William Morris, and Matthew Arnold, and many another. He dwelt lovingly once again, but with new insight, upon the first awakening of the wonder sense in man, and how this wonder sense—the beginning whether in savage or in highly civilized races, of every form of religion—passed on into worship. Our intercourse that evening was in fact more of a monologue on his part than of the usual conversation between two old friends with interests and intimates in common. I was indeed glad that it should be so, first because Watts-Dunton, like George Meredith (whose talk, though I only heard it once, struck me, if more scintillating also as more self-conscious), was a compelling and fascinating conversationalist, and secondly because his slight deafness made the usual give and take of conversation difficult.

Not a little of his talk that night was of his wife, his own devotion to her and the unselfishness of her devotion to him. He spoke of Louise Chandler Moulton, "that adorable woman," as he called her, whom Swinburne held to be the truest woman-poet that America has given us. He charged me to carry his affectionate greetings to Robertson Nicoll. "I only wish I could see more of him," he added. "It's hard to see so seldom the faces one longs to see," and

then, more faithful in memory to the dead friends of long ago than any other man or woman I have known, he spoke movingly of "Our Philip," his friend and mine, Philip Marston, the blind poet. Then he took down a book from a little bookshelf, and, turning the pages, asked me to read aloud Marston's Sonnet to his dead love:

It must have been for one of us, my own,  
To drink this cup and eat this bitter  
bread.

Had not my tears upon thy face been  
shed,

Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I  
alone

Did not walk now, thy spirit would  
have known

My loneliness; and did my feet not  
tread

This weary path and steep, thy feet  
had bled

For mine, and thy mouth had for mine  
made moan.

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain  
To think of thine eternity of sleep;

To know thine eyes are tearless though  
mine weep;

And when this cup's last bitterness I  
drain,

One thought shall still its primal  
sweetness keep—

Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying  
pain.

His only comment on the poem was that long and deeply-breathed "Ah!" which meant that he had been profoundly interested, perhaps even profoundly stirred. Often it was his only comment when Swinburne, head erect, eyes ashine, and voice athrill, had in the past stolen into the room—noiseless in his movements, even when excited, to chant to us some new and noble poem, carried like an uncooled bar of glowing iron, direct from the smithy of his brain, and still intoning and vibrating with the deep bass of the hammer on the anvil, still singing the red

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fire-song of the furnace whence it came

We sat in silence for a space, and then Watts-Dunton said, "Our Philip was not a great, but at least he was a true poet, as well as a loyal friend and a right good fellow. He is almost forgotten now by the newer school and among the many new voices, but his friends—Louise Chandler Moulton and Will Sharp—and others of us, have done what we could to keep his memory green. We loved him as Gabriel and Algernon loved him, our beautiful blind poet-boy."

When soon after I rose reluctantly to go, a change seemed to come over Watts-Dunton. The animation faded out of voice and face, and was replaced by something like anxiety, almost like pain. "Must you go, dear fellow, must you go?" he asked sorrowfully. "There is a bed all ready prepared, for we'd hoped you'd stay the night."

I explained that I was compelled to return to Hastings that evening as I had to start on a journey early next morning. Perhaps I had let him over-exert himself too much in conversation. Perhaps he had more to say and was disappointed not to be able to say it, for he seemed suddenly tired and sad. The brilliant talker was gone. "Come again soon, dear fellow. Come again soon," he said as he held my hand in a long clasp. And when I had passed out of his sight and he out of mine, his voice followed me pathetically, almost brokenly, into the night, "Come again soon, dear boy. Don't let it be long before we meet again."

It was not long before we met again, but it was, alas! when I followed to his long home one who, great as was his fame in the eyes of the world as poet, critic, novelist, and thinker, is, in the hearts of some of us, who grow old, more dearly remembered as the most unselfish, most steadfast, and most loving of friends.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

## SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Darling hopped up the steps of his own house one day as though he had only yesterday left it. As seen from an upper window he looked active and well dressed, and appeared to have even a debonair air. But at close quarters he had a pallid unhealthy look, and he announced to Mrs. Darling that he had come back to die. What he really meant, and very naturally wanted, was to be nursed well again, and he probably suspected that his wife would do more for him in that respect than anyone else. Also she would be much cheaper than anyone else. Nursing homes were very expensive, and Mr. Darling was, as usual, without money. How he lived no one quite knew. Probably he had sympathizers—people who forgave him a great deal because of a certain hearty sympathetic manner which he had, and because he was handsome and poor. Even when they did nothing else for him they sent him cards for their large parties, and at these he used to appear, looking handsome and well dressed, and always ready to take ladies in to supper several times. Some people may have suspected that he was not well fed at home, and that he supplemented his private meals at public functions, but his repeated excursions to the dining-room or buffet at a party generally escaped observation in a crush. Every waiter in London knew him, and he had learned, with a sort of self-protective cunning which he possessed, never to apply twice to the same man for refreshments, nor to sit twice at the same little supper tables at which he was so arduous an attendant. If ever a man knew by heart the flavor of cold viands it was Cosmo Darling. There were many days when he fed on nothing else.

Dinners were a rare treat with him.

Hardly anyone ever asked him to dinner unless they wanted to make up their numbers, and he had learned, in that way he had of utilizing things to his own advantage, that the superstition about sitting down thirteen to table had often worked well for him. He never minded how late he was sent for to fill up a place, and he hardly resented it when once he overheard himself called "Number Fourteen." Women thought him very obliging, and he picked up many little odds and ends by being attentive to them—here a lunch and there a theatre ticket. When he drove home from these entertainments he always asked to be dropped at his club (which was a good one), because he had learned by some painful lessons that the man left last in a taxicab always has to pay for it. And as Cosmo very seldom had half a crown in his pocket he always guarded himself against such eventualities. He never wrote on anything except club paper, of which he took home weekly supplies, and not many people knew where he lived. At one time he had been wont to be very candid and almost interesting about his impecuniosity, and many a meal had been given because of his habit of saying with frankness, "I positively haven't got half a crown to pay for a club lunch." But he found that people grew tired of this oft-told tale, and of late years he had learned to keep all knowledge of his affairs to himself. He found it paid much better than posing as a poor man. He had never dropped out of society, always got some old pals to take him to race meetings and the like, and he not only went to dances but answered his invitations.

To live on charity as exemplified by doles is always precarious, but to live on charity which takes the form of invitations is more precarious still. There

were days when, with no dinner in view, Cosmo had to write some breezy little note saying, "I'll look you up in the morning," or, "I'll stick you for lunch if you don't mind," but he lived in terror of doing this sort of thing too often. So far, he had managed very fairly well. London is a big place, and where one hostess might write saying quite definitely she would be out at lunch-time, half a dozen others would telephone to say they would be delighted to see him. Summer was the most difficult time in the needy gentleman's life. Hardly anyone asked him to stay at their country houses, and everyone left London. He used to try and stimulate those who remained behind into a spurious jollity which would consist in "getting up things" (in which he might join), and would urge upon them that August was the time when one really got to know people in a friendly way. He was always prompt with useful information as to where it was best to dine or where a comfortable Bohemian little lunch could be got for nothing. On winter afternoons he used to go to several teas and eat hot muffins, and then he would go home to dress, and afterwards proceed to faint little entertainments of any sort, even a crush and a biscuit, where good fires, some conversation, and refreshments were provided.

He was not unhappy, and the only bugbear of his life was old age. When he should become old he had no idea what he would do, and no one knew better than Cosmo that he depended largely upon his good looks for the favors that he received. He would have hated to enter a lower stratum of society than the one to which he was accustomed, and the one to which he was accustomed was by no means undesirable. He had tried Bohemianism, but he decided that it didn't pay; there were too many poor men in it besides himself, and he had tried the frankly second-rate, and had disliked it in-

tensely. He had also tried "the Evangelical set," where, as he remarked, "he had been well fed but bored stiff." The only thing he never dreamed of trying was working for a living. When Mrs. Darling's money was finished, he accepted it as an infliction which had unjustly been sent to him by some power whose ways were generally unscrupulous.

Lately, Mr. Darling had been suffering from bad health, brought on by too many cold suppers or by the indifferent champagne which sometimes accompanied them. He rather disliked the house in Kensington where nothing was ever quite so comfortable as it might have been, but he decided to return thither, and his very pale and unhealthy appearance was the best plea that he could make for his reappearance.

There was a friend-and-family council held that night in Miss Crawley's house. Mr. Darling knew that was inevitable, and smiled when his wife announced apologetically that she must dine out that evening. Cosmo was going to be talked over, and he knew it and did not resent it in the least. He remarked to his wife that he supposed she would not mind his lying down in the spare bedroom as he felt so horribly seedy, and when she questioned him about his luggage he admitted that it was downstairs in the hall.

"I knew you wouldn't turn your back on me, old girl," he said, "so I brought it round in order to save another taxi, but I'll quit this moment if you'd rather."

It was after this that he heard her voice on the telephone asking Julia if she might come to dinner, and he knew quite well what would happen!

It was a Friday evening, but fortunately all four friends were disengaged and came at Miss Crawley's summons. The dinner was conversational, out of deference to Bodnim, but when a return was made to the drawing-room in



the evening, and the card table was discovered spread with Bridge markers and packs of cards and candles and ash-trays, the little party put the very idea of Bridge aside as impossible.

Tom of course was the most frequent and most truculent speaker. Tom said, "Turn him out. Turn him out tonight, and without a moment's hesitation."

"He is ill," pleaded Mrs. Darling, and she quoted miserably, "'In sickness and in health'—we must remember that."

"If a man like Cosmo once gets his foot inside a house," went on Tom, "he wedges it there and you can't get the door shut."

"I argued with him as well as I could," poor Mrs. Darling said. "Both the girls were out, and unluckily Tony seemed delighted to see his father. I couldn't go against him when he said, 'Papa, do stay.'"

"Confound all children" said Tom hotly; "they are the most interfering, over-estimated creatures that were ever put on God's earth"

"Tom, Tom!" protested Miss Crawley.

"I mean it," said Tom decisively.

"You don't know what it is to have them, Tom," said poor Mrs. Darling who, after all, had but few other treasures.

"Go on" said Tom wrathfully, "from the place where the precocious and intelligent child said, 'Do stay, Papa.'"

"It seemed as if it were meant to be," quoth Mrs. Darling, who in weak moments always saw the hand of Providence in everything which was unavoidable. "I felt as he spoke that Tony showed me the right thing to do."

"And you followed that 'guidance' as any superstitious peasant will follow a dream or a plunger a tip."

By this time she was crying, which added to the general unhappiness of the evening, and everyone was much disturbed and willing to give their views and to beg others to be calm.

Willie Macpherson alone listened in a quiet way to all that was said, and Miss Crawley hesitated to give advice because the economic side of the situation would doubtless have to be considered and would naturally devolve upon her, and she feared that Mrs. Darling might think that it was a matter of money which urged her to advise the removal of the returned husband.

"I wash my hands of the whole thing," said Tom. "If Darling is allowed to enter his wife's house after all that has occurred——"

"I suppose we ought to forgive," said Mrs. Darling.

"Hang it, Annette," said Mr. Beamish, who was now walking up and down the room in a very distracted manner; "hang it all, I never know whether a woman's goodness is as much to men's advantage as is generally made out. If they are angels to one man, their very virtue and goodness can make it excessively unpleasant for another!"

"I don't mean to make it unpleasant for another," protested Mrs. Darling. She dried her eyes and said with some spirit, "And I think it's very unkind of you, Tom."

"I think it is unkind, too," said Julia, determined to be loyal to her sister.

"Good gracious! are you both against me?" said the much ruffled Mr. Beamish. "I never thought such a thing would happen in this house, Julia, that I should be called unkind by my oldest and dearest friends."

The evening was going to be much worse even than they imagined.

Willie Macpherson, who was expected to side with the poor and afflicted, was asked what he would do, and said unexpectedly, "Send him away, Annette."

Whereupon Julia stiffened a little and thought men were all very unkind to each other. They protested their loyalty to their own sex, but just wait till loyalty was put to the test!

"If there was a spark of real good in Cosmo," he said, much distressed by the pain he had caused, "I should say, 'Let him remain.'"

"I suppose there's good in everyone of us," said Mrs. Darling, who had learned this lesson from various clergymen.

She found that both men were obdurate and very manly and difficult to manage, and there was nothing for it but to postpone discussion until after they had left, so she and Julia Crawley waited up together to talk over the matter calmly, and both agreed that the arrival of Mr. Darling upon the scene was the very worst thing that could possibly have happened, and they also said that it would be bad for the girls, although of course a sick man lying upstairs in the spare bedroom would not count for very much, particularly as Jim's and Jack's occupations kept them now much away from home. They said also that Tony might surely run in and out and amuse the invalid without being contaminated.

"If only he would have stayed away! Nothing will make it any more endurable for you," said Miss Crawley sympathetically, "and with Tony's ill-health you have enough on your hands as it is."

"He has really been better since that sick attack," said Tony's mother who, even in the midst of a tragedy, could not resist the pleasure of speaking about him. "He seemed to take to his father directly, Julia."

"Tony is young," said Julia; "one doesn't know what sort of things he may teach him."

The danger for the little boy seemed to make the difficult matter still more difficult and undecided, whereas the whole case had already been definitely settled by Mr. Darling, who had made himself as comfortable as possible in the spare bedroom, and intended to be ill as long as he liked, and to share his

wife's home for an extended period. Such a conclusion was practically pre-ordained by two women who had been brought up to do the right thing upon all occasions, and who when the choice was given to them, always had a leaning towards the course which involved a cheerful ignoring of their own interests.

"I hope we are not being weak," said Miss Crawley at last.

"It can never be weak to do the right thing, I suppose," said her sister.

Thus comforted, they kissed each other and said good night. In a day or two it almost seemed as if Mr. Darling had never left his home, so settled did he seem amongst them.

This was an aspect of the affair which Cosmo himself frequently insisted upon, and a doctor having been called in who said that his health was in a very bad state, a period of sick nursing began at the house in Kensington which proved in time to have many aspects which Mrs. Darling had not anticipated.

In the first place, her daughters did not prove themselves ready sick nurses. They frankly disliked illness, and they had a wholesome contempt for their father, which disturbed him so much that he told his wife that the girls got on his nerves, and begged that they should not be allowed to come to his room.

On the other hand, visitors from the outside world were frequent with Mr. Darling. A telephone was put by the side of his bed, and on this he spoke all day long to his many acquaintances, giving them an account of his disastrous condition, and begging them to come and see him. He began to have a timetable with dates relating to the hours of visits which he arranged; and the comfortable armchair in his bedroom was never left wholly unoccupied during an afternoon. Flowers filled tables and flower-vases, books and gossip were freely offered to the good-looking big

man lying inert on what he called his "couch of pain."

He was a good invalid, and took both remedies and food regularly, and sometimes with avidity. Consequently the cook was kept busy, so also was the housemaid who cleaned her master's room and tidied up the littering flower-table, and dusted and ran upstairs and downstairs with glasses of milk. So also was the parlor-maid who announced guests during the whole afternoon, and opened the door for the doctor who came in the morning, and for the kind inquirers who arrived about mid-day, and for the visitors who had to be shown upstairs in the afternoon. Upon Mrs. Darling the actual care of nursing the invalid fell. She had always been a busy woman, but now she found that everything had to give way to the invalid. She gave up all that most interested her, and seldom saw her friends. "Make this little sacrifice for me," her husband used to say when he detained her on her way out to get some much-needed exercise, or, "A man has his rights, little woman, a man has his rights," he would tell her. But this was more than compensated for by the pleasant manner in which he thanked her for services performed.

Fortunately Tony was a companion for them both; his father was a novelty to him, and there was an actual pleasure to the boy in running in and out of the sick-room. He could shake a bottle and measure a medicine almost with the air of a professional, and in order to encourage him to run messages Mr. Darling called him his "little nurse." The invalid became the center of the house, and as such reigned supreme. Maids asked each other, "What is the doctor's report today?" and Anthony was "trusted" to go backwards and forwards to the chemist's with bottles and powders.

"I believe," said Mr. Darling comfortably, "it gives them all something to do."

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All his life he had been a man who had never believed that his wife's engagements were of the least importance, and now that his daughters were grown up he reckoned their work as of little import; he knew the duty they owed their father, and he frequently said he did not approve of them running about as much as they did. Julia Crawley, who paid him abbreviated visits, did what she could to point out that his daughters' work, being remunerative, could not indefinitely be put on one side nor even laid down and resumed at their own pleasure.

Cosmo had always disliked poor Julia, and thought she had a mercenary mind, and although his married life had not been a happy one he was able to say, as he always did as soon as Julia had gone, "I believe I chose the best of them!"

The simple domestic machinery of the house in Kensington became complicated and difficult. When the novelty and interest of having an invalid in the house wore off servants began to give notice and alluded to trays. Trays blocked everyone's horizon; they were to be met with on the staircase, and stood on tables in unfrequented corners and outside the invalid's door, and anyone running upstairs was utilized to carry up a tray.

As Mr. Darling grew better he began to "fancy" things of an expensive kind, and Mrs. Darling, least covetous of women, would often have fain asked the numerous visitors to her husband's room to bring an occasional basket of fruit with them, or a few dainties, instead of beautiful, perpetually dropping, and unnourishing flowers.

A nurse was talked of for the invalid, and Miss Crawley in particular urged a trained woman's services upon her sister, but Mr. Darling, sentimental as became his weak condition, declared that he would have no one but his dear wife to look after him, and when it was

hinted to him that not only his wife's services but the whole household were engaged in the task, he would observe with a good deal of pathos that they would not have him with them for long. Whether he meant to depart to his club or elsewhere no one knew, but the oft-repeated assurance imparted a sanctified note to the sick-room which Mrs. Darling was not slow to acknowledge.

The girls were not at their best with their father, and even Tony began to get tired of him, and the only person who found any satisfaction in Mr. Darling's long and protracted illness was the Reverend Edgar Burrows. Mr. Burrows, as became a clergyman, was constantly in attendance. He was an excellent visitor of the sick, and if in this instance he threw a little worldly consideration into his administrations, the situation rendered such a course pardonable.

Mr. Burrows' love affair was going back: it was going back, if such a simile is permissible, in leaps and bounds. He hardly ever saw Jemima, even when he let her know he was coming and repaired to the drawing-room to ask for tea when his ministrations were over. Still, there was always the chance of seeing her or even of meeting her on the stairs carrying up a tray. His sick-room visits kept the door of the Kensington house open to him, and Mr. Burrows had begun to be thankful for even so small a mercy as this.

Jemima was busier than ever, and for a person who lived as strenuously as she did this was saying much. She had lately become thin, poor Jemima, almost to the point of attenuation, but the brilliant color in her cheeks convinced most people that she must be in perfectly good health. She slept but little, and said she believed she did not require much sleep, and she spent far too much money on taxicabs, and was continually being whirled from one engagement to another with amazing

rapidity. Every invitation that came to her was eagerly accepted, and she began to talk in the popular busy manner about "sandwiching in" this appointment or that between her many engagements, and of "running in for a moment" and "managing it somehow," until her visits became much more like a whirlwind than anything else. Her friends loved her as much as ever; she was "dear old girl" or "darling Jim" to scores of delightful people, but they had always expected her to be useful to them, and in addition to her own interests she was asked many favors. It was not possible to grant them all, but she was by disposition good-natured, and many of the pleasant things of her life—winter trips abroad and shooting parties in the autumn—depended upon being popular and obliging. She began to show the overworked, overstrained woman's first sign of weakness by writing an illegible hand and becoming too quickly apprehensive in conversation. It seemed a waste of time with her, even to finish a sentence, so quickly did she grasp a meaning or see the point of an allusion. Her natural quickness developed into restlessness, and her laugh was frequent and rather highly pitched in tone.

Everyone who met her recommended a Treatment or a Food, and the general opinion seemed to be that it is possible to burn a candle at both ends and in the middle, and to be able to restore it by patent Foods and Treatments. The Treatments recommended to her were generally pseudo-psychic. There were those who knew that Miss Darling would be completely cured if she would gaze at a large blank sheet of paper, hung conveniently opposite her bed for several hours each day, and concentrate upon what she wanted to be or to have. Others talked eloquently of suggestion and the power of the will, while there were those who recommended color cures, and insisted with vehemence that

Jemima's room ought to be hung with purple. This being impossible owing to the many calls on the finances of the household, a modified suggestion was urged upon her that she should use purple notepaper and write in purple ink. Some people saw her aura, and others laid a hot hand on the back of her neck and willed her to be well, while still others recommended her to fall upon the floor at intervals, or brought diagrams of different exercises for her to perform. The list of cures would take too long to tell. Everyone had a laudable desire to heal Miss Jemima Darling, but no one dreamed of anything so commonplace as recommending fresh air and early hours, and had they done so it might not, as a matter of fact, have suited the nervous, highly-strung girl.

Only Jacquetta, who supplied the money for the taxicabs, and Edgar Burrows, sitting with his head buried in his hands, knew what was the matter with her.

Jacquetta said: "Even Jemima!" and flung out her hands hopelessly, and Edgar, with whom up till now the affairs of both worlds had gone remarkably smoothly, began to see a big, dark, blank space in front of him, and to wonder if it was Life.

Jemima's world, in the meantime, was highly interested in her. Even while they sent her pills and tabloids they were saying, "Which does she mean to have?"

And Miss Clementine Beamish was having a long conversation with her uncle.

"Uncle Thomas," she said, "I am going to tell you something which I would not tell to any other man in the world."

"I know that opening very well, Clemmie," said Tom, who was feeling flattered to his very finger tips, and did not mean to show it. "I wonder how many men you have deceived into thinking that they were something

rather out of the common, and that only you had discovered it."

"It's what I try to do," said Clemmie confidentially.

"I am well aware of it."

"It is adorably clever of you to have found me out."

"Clemmie, if you have anything interesting or important to say let us have it. I like untrimmed conversation."

"As a matter of fact, you like it with silk fringes and Madeira trimming underneath."

"Your conversation," said her uncle sternly, "as nearly as possible verges on impropriety."

"I didn't know Madeira trimming was improper," said his niece, drawing down the corners of her mouth and lifting her eyebrows at precisely the same moment in a manner so exclusively her own as almost to have become patented by her.

"Now, Clemmie, I won't be drawn into any of those sorts of discussions."

"The man has a mind like a Turk!" said his respectful relative.

Tom walked across to the window and looked out. He was a simple-hearted gentleman who loved allusions to himself. At the same time he was sufficiently wide awake to be aware that his niece knew this and traded upon it. Consequently, when he began to laugh and to be pleased, he always walked to the window and looked out, turning his back on her and telling himself that she was not attractive.

"When you can give me undivided attention, and keep yourself from straying into channels which are unworthy of you, I will proceed," said Miss Beamish.

"I suppose you'll get the last word on the Day of Judgment," said her uncle.

The young lady folded her hands meekly. This meant, "I hope so"; it also meant, "Uncle, I am quite ashamed of your way of talking."



"You were going to tell me something important, Clementine."

"And as you are very busy and haven't a moment to spare, I had better begin at once and have done with it. But that isn't a bit the sort of conversation I was going to have with you. I meant to glide into it and produce all my best things gradually and gracefully. You see, it's partly philosophical and partly a dead secret. I call it a mixture of the exoteric and the esoteric."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Tom.

Miss Beamish made her mouth into a round O and looked at her uncle's back, with her head on one side. She knew that Mr. Beamish was not learned.

"Can you accept a violent hypothesis?"

"I suppose, Clemmie," said the gentleman, "that's some stuff you got out of the magazines?"

As she did not reply he turned round and found that she was laughing, and pretending to stuff a very small pocket handkerchief into her fair-sized mouth with the action of a schoolboy.

"Vulgar!" said Mr. Beamish.

He came and sat beside her on the sofa, and told her he would like her a great deal better if she would try to be more sensible.

It was one of the secrets of her life that she never allowed him to know that he held her in anything else than disapproval mingled with grudging and jealously concealed pride in her.

Miss Beamish frowned. "Of course," she began afresh, "I don't know how much you know."

"What *you* don't know, Clementine —"

She finished his sentence for him in the slang of the music halls, and with an exaggerated accent.

"I didn't say, 'It wouldn't feed a canary,'" said Mr. Beamish. "I had no intention of saying it. I was going to say that what you don't know would fill a very large volume."

"We will sell it as a new sort of encyclopædia and wax rich."

"Meanwhile, if your conversation is going to take half as long——"

"As the peroration. I don't believe you would have thought of that word if I hadn't suggested it."

"Oh, get ahead, Clemmie!" said Tom Beamish.

"Tom," said Clemmie, coming a little closer to him (she sometimes called him Tom—generally when she wanted something), "Tom, if there was another man within a mile of us, I wouldn't whisper it—*A Woman's Choice is Limited*."

"It sounds very profound and a little profane," said Tom Beamish, "but I haven't the remotest notion what you're driving at: we were not talking either about women or about choice."

She bent towards him and said in a whisper, "We pretend we have the world to choose from, but we haven't."

"You're disappointed in love, Clemmie, and you are enjoying it as a new sensation."

She did not heed the interruption, but went on: "Men who still believe in some of us always say that any woman can get the husband she pleases."

"Well, honestly, I believe she can."

"Go on believing it," said Clementine darkly.

"Your own choice has been pretty wide, Clementine."

"My own choice has been enormous," said his niece. "I am an Exceptional Woman."

He thought he had scored a point when he murmured a few words of thanksgiving, but he found that Clemmie was going on quite unmoved.

"You see, nearly all love affairs seem extraordinary; but as a matter of fact they are all exactly alike."

"Nonsense!"

"Viewed largely, I mean (and please don't interrupt). They go in phases: there is always the boy and girl affair,

which doesn't count, although it can be treasured up and talked about afterwards—in the awful afterwards when you get left."

"I know heaps of unmarried women," said Tom laboriously, "who are the best and the sweetest of their kind."

"Oh, so do I—heaps," said Clementine.

"Well, not heaps, but I know several, and although I approve of matrimony, I don't like the expression 'getting left'; it is most unfeminine."

"Alas," said Clementine, "it is nearly always feminine."

"Having promised me some learned conversation, you have got as far as saying that most love affairs begin with a boy and girl attachment."

She turned round delightedly on the sofa. "You were really listening?" she said. "Well, I was saying that the boy and girl attachment counts for nothing except in after years, when—when—well, when you may like to reminisce a little, in the evening, you know, when the lamps aren't burning properly and you begin to feel sentimental."

"You don't know what sentiment means."

"No one does till he is fifty," she said, giving him a sudden kiss.

"The boy and girl affair generally occurs when one is about seventeen years old, and it makes one feel frightfully important, and almost immediately after that comes the affair with the elderly admirer, which one doesn't enjoy one bit, but one's friends generally begin to say that May and December marriages are often very happy (that is, when the elderly admirer is rich)."

Mr. Beamish began a short lecture on cynicism, but found that his niece was not attending to him.

"After the elderly admirer episode," she went on, "comes the Real Thing. It is nearly always deliciously unhappy."

"If I could even see you unhappy for a little while over one of your love affairs," said her uncle, "I should have more hopes of a happy settlement for you."

"I am only talking of the average woman," said Clementine sweetly.

Tom snorted, and said, "Pah!" and "Tehah!" in a manner very elderly and disapproving.

"The gist of what I am trying to say is this," said Clementine. "Very few women have more than six or eight proposals of marriage between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight."

"It is far too many," said Tom.

"It limits their choice," said Clementine.

"And that is what you don't wish me to know?"

"I don't wish any man to know it. . . . And remember, Uncle Tom, I am only telling you this under seal of secrecy."

"Heaps of women get more proposals than that, or if they don't it's because they take love affairs much more seriously than you do."

She was checking off a list on her finger-tips. "Hush! There is the boy and girl attachment, and the elderly lover attachment, and then the Real Thing. After that come one or two admirers who don't count, and then there is the one you accept."

"Because you can't get anything better," snorted Tom.

"Well, you know, when one is twenty-eight, things are expected of one. After twenty-eight women may just as well leave it till they're forty-five and are interesting and sentimental and believe in love."

"I don't see what all this has got to do with me, Clemmie."

"It hasn't got anything to do with you, except incidentally."

"So that this astounding revelation that the average woman only has six proposals of marriage, and all this waste of my time——"

"Uncle Thomas," said Clemmie earnestly, "don't you see how ill Jemima is looking?"

"Jemima does far too much," blustered Mr. Beamish. "She tears about from one end of the town to the other, and sits up half the night."

Clemmie laid her head on his shoulder and he heard a little sob. "I'm so fond of Jim," she said.

"Well, so am I, my dear, so am I," he said, patting her cheek, "and Jim's not going to die yet although she is so thin."

"Edgar caresses cabmen and preaches affectionate sermons, but he really is a

good little fellow, he really is a good little fellow."

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see that he's just about as nearly broken-hearted as a man can be, and this tragedy is going on underneath our eyes, and we're doing nothing to help it."

"Is it Charlton?" said Tom at last, thinking he was making a very wonderful discovery.

Clemmie raised her head from his shoulder, and said, "There is nothing in the world so disturbing and trying and exhausting and terrible as the really Real Thing."

*(To be continued.)*

*S. Macnaughtan.*

## "CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### PASTURES NEW.

The outstanding feature of today's intelligence is that spring is coming—has come, in fact.

It arrived with a bump. March entered upon its second week with seven degrees of frost and four inches of snow. We said what was natural and inevitable to the occasion; wrapped our coats of skins more firmly round us; and made a point of attending punctually when the rum ration was issued.

Forty-eight hours later winter had disappeared. The sun was blazing in a cloudless sky. Aeroplanes were battling for photographic rights overhead; the brown earth beneath our feet was putting forth its first blades of tender green. The muck-heap outside our rest-billet displayed unmistakable signs of upheaval from its winter sleep. Primroses appeared in Bunghole Wood; larks soared up into the sky above No Man's Land, making music for the just and the unjust. Snipers, smiling cheerfully over

the improved atmospheric conditions, polished up their telescopic sights. The artillery on each side hailed the birth of yet another season of fruitfulness and natural increase with some more than usually enthusiastic essays in mutual extermination. Half the Mess caught colds in their heads.

Frankly, we are not sorry to see the end of winter. Cæsar, when he had concluded his summer campaign, went into winter quarters. Cæsar, as Colonel Kemp once huskily remarked, knew something!

Still, each man to his taste. Corporal Mucklewame, for one, greatly prefers winter to summer.

"In the winter," he points out to Sergeant M'Snape, "a body can breathe withoot swallowing a wheen bluebot-tles and bum-bees. A body can aye streitch himself doon under a tree for a bit sleep withoot getting wasps and wee beasties crawling up inside his kilt, and puddocks craw-crawing in his ear! A body can keep himself frae sweitin' —"

"He can that!" assents M'Snape, whose spare frame is more vulnerable to the icy breeze than that of the stout corporal.

However, the balance of public opinion is against Mucklewame. Most of us are unfeignedly glad to feel the warmth of the sun again. That working-party, filling sandbags just behind the machine-gun emplacement, are actually singing. Spring gets into the blood, even in this stricken land. The Boche over the way resents our efforts at harmony.

*Sing us a song, a song of Bonnie Scotland!*

*Any old song will do.*

*By the old camp-fire, the rough-and-ready choir*

*Join in the chorus too.*

*"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road"—*

*'Tis a song that we all know,*

*To bring back the days in Bonnie Scotland,*

*Where the heather and the bluebells——*

*Whang!*

The Boche, a Wagnerian by birth and upbringing, cannot stand any more of this, so he has fired a rifle-grenade at the glee-party—on the whole a much more honest and direct method of condemnation than that practised by musical critics in time of peace. But he only elicits an encore. Private Nigg perches a steel helmet on the point of a bayonet, and patronizingly bobs the same up and down above the parapet.

These steel helmets have not previously been introduced to the reader's notice. They are modeled upon those worn in the French Army—and bear about as much resemblance to the original pattern as a Thames barge to a racing yacht. When first issued, they were greeted with profound suspicion. Though undoubtedly serviceable—they saved many a crown from cracking round The Bluff the other day—they

were undeniably heavy, and they were certainly not becoming to the peculiar type of beauty rampant in K(1). On issue, then, their recipients elected to regard the wearing of them as a peculiarly noxious form of "fatigue." Private M'A. deposited his upon the parapet, like a foundling on a doorstep, and departed stealthily round the nearest traverse, to report his new headpiece "lost through the exigencies of military service." Private M'B. wore his insecurely perched upon the top of his tam-o'-shanter bonnet, where it looked like a very large ostrich egg in a very small khaki nest. Private M'C. set his up on a convenient post, and opened rapid fire upon it at a range of six yards, surveying the resulting holes with the gloomy satisfaction of the vindicated pessimist. Private M'D. removed the lining from his and performed his ablutions in the inverted crown.

"This," said Colonel Kemp, "will never do. We must start wearing the dashed things ourselves."

And it was so. Next day, to the joy of the Battalion, their officers appeared in the trenches self-consciously wearing what looked like small sky-blue wash-hand basins balanced upon their heads. But discipline was excellent. No one even smiled. In fact, there was a slight reaction in favor of the helmets. Conversations like the following were overheard:—

"I'm tellin' you, Jimmy, the C.O. is no the man for tae mak' a show of himself like that for naething. These tin bunnets must be some use. Wull we pit oors on?"

"Awa' hame, and bile your heid!" replied the unresponsive James.

"They'll no stop a whishbang," conceded the apostle of progress, "but they would keep off splinters, and a wheen bullets, and—and—"

"And the rain!" supplied Jimmy sarcastically.

This gibe suddenly roused the temper of the other participant in the debate.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, in a voice shrill with indignation, "that these—helmets are some — use!"

"And I tell *you*," retorted James earnestly, "that these — helmets are no — use!"

When two reasonable persons arrive at a controversial *impasse*, they usually agree to differ and go their several ways. But in K(1) we prefer practical solutions. The upholder of helmets hastily thrust his upon his head.

"I'll show you, Jimmy!" he announced, and clambered upon the firing-step.

"And I'll—well show *you*, Wullie!" screamed James, doing likewise.

Simultaneously the two zealots thrust their heads over the parapet, and awaited results. These came. The rifles of two Boche snipers rang out, and both demonstrators fell heavily backwards into the arms of their supporters.

By all rights they ought to have been killed. But they were both very much alive. Each turned to the other triumphantly, and exclaimed—

"I tellt ye so!"

There was a hole right through the helmet of Jimmy, the unbeliever. The fact that there was not also a hole through his head was due to his forethought in having put on a tam o' shanter underneath. The net result was a truncated "toorie." Wullie's bullet had struck his helmet at a more obtuse angle, and had glanced off, as the designer of the smooth exterior had intended it to do.

At first glance, the contest was a draw. But subsequent investigation elicited the fact that Jimmy in his backward fall had bitten his tongue to the effusion of blood. The verdict was therefore awarded, on points, to Wullie, and the spectators dispersed in an orderly manner just as the platoon ser-

geant came round the traverse to change the sentry.

## II.

Spring always turns one's thoughts to the future. A year ago we were at Bramshott Camp, looking forward with unrestrained longing to the day when we should set foot upon the soil of France. Today we find ourselves still upon that soil, respectfully wondering whether Providence will permit us to extend our operations to the soil of Brother Boche, and then get home to the soil of Scotland, by next "N' Year Day."

Spring is manifesting its presence all along the Western Front. Last month the Boche, to whom time is almost as precious a commodity as butter, made a desperate attack upon the southern curve of the Salient of Ypres. We know that curve. We held most of it for three long months. There is one particular sector thereof from which we parted without the slightest regret. It is bounded on the south by a canal.

Beside the canal rises an eminence rather resembling a miniature Arthur Seat, with its face turned (naturally) to the foe. It is called The Bluff. A mile to the north, beside the railway, stands another eminence, just within the German lines—a shell-torn, blood-soaked, crumbling tumulus, upon which no human being can show himself and live. It is called Hill Sixty.

But it is with The Bluff that we have to deal. Six months ago Bobby Little lost the best part of a platoon there, for a great German mine was sprung, and blew the face right off the crouching lion of our little Arthur's Seat. Still, Bobby's bombers were too good: the enemy got no farther.

And now, a few days ago, came rumors of great artillery preparation—thank you, we know that artillery preparation!—by the enemy round this self-same spot. Next came news of a general assault; finally, the tidings that the gallant Bluff had fallen at last.



This was ill to hear, for The Bluff commands much ground. However, we were not greatly perturbed, for soon the intelligence came to us that a Famous Division, containing in its composition certain uncompromising units from North Britain, had been called out of rest to retake it. We merely speculated to one another as to what our compatriots would say when roused from their winter sleep to make good the shortcomings of others; and we pictured to ourselves the manner in which they would set about the task, in such wise as to get it done, and so home to bed, as quickly as possible.

And sure enough the expected news arrived, most speedily. The Bluff had been recaptured and consolidated, together with a small section of Boche trench, gathered in by way of interest on the loan. Casualties very slight. Scotland forever!

### III.

We have occupied our own present trenches since January. There was a time when this sector of the line was regarded as a Vale of Rest. Bishops were conducted round with impunity. Members of Parliament came out for the week-end, and returned to their constituents with first hand information about the horrors of war. Foreign journalists, and sight-seeing parties of munition-workers, picnicked in Bung-hole Wood. In the village behind the line, if a chance shell removed tiles from the roof of a house, the owner, greatly incensed, mounted a ladder and put in some fresh ones.

But that is all over now. K(1)—hard-headed men of business, bountifully endowed with munitions—have arrived upon the scene, and the sylvan peace of the surrounding district is gone. Pan has dug himself in.

The trouble began two months ago, when our Divisional Artillery arrived. Unversed in local etiquette, they com-

menced operations by "sending up"—to employ a vulgar but convenient catchphrase—a strongly fortified farmhouse in the enemy's support line. The Boche, by way of gentle reproof, deposited four or five small "whizz-bangs" in our front-line trenches. The tenants thereof promptly telephoned to "Mother," and Mother came to the assistance of her offspring with a salvo of twelve-inch shells. After that, Brother Boche, realizing that the golden age was past, sent north to the Salient for a couple of heavy batteries, and settled down to shell Bung-hole village to pieces. Within a week he had brought down the church tower: within a fortnight the population had migrated farther back, leaving behind a few patriots, too deeply interested in the sale of small beer and picture postcards to uproot themselves. Company Headquarters in Bung-hole Wood ceased to grow primroses and began to fill sandbags.

A month ago the village was practically intact. The face of the church tower was badly scarred, but the houses were undamaged. The little shops were open; children played in the streets. Now, if you stand at the cross-roads where the church rears its roofless walls, you will understand what the Abomination of Desolation means. Occasionally a body of troops, moving in small detachments at generous intervals, trudges by, on its way to or from the trenches. Occasionally a big howitzer shell swings lazily out of the blue and drops with a crash or a dull thud—according to the degree of resistance encountered—among the crumbling cottages. All is solitude.

But stay! Right on the cross-roads, in the center of the village, just below the fingers of a sign-post which indicates the distance to four French townships, whose names you never heard of until a year ago, and now will never forget, there hangs a large, white, newly painted

board, bearing a notice in black letters six inches high. Exactly underneath the board, rubbing their noses appreciatively against the sign-post, stand two mules, attached to a limbered wagon. Their charioteers are sitting adjacent, in a convenient shell-hole, partaking of luncheon.

"That was a rotten place we 'ad to wait in yesterday, Sammy," observes Number One. "The draught was somewhat cruel."

The recumbent Samuel agrees. "This little 'oller is a bit of all right," he remarks. "When you've done starfin' that bully-beef, 'and it over, ole man!"

He leans his head back upon the lip of the shell-hole, and gazes pensively at the notice-board six feet away. It says:—

VERY DANGEROUS  
DO NOT  
LOITER  
HERE.

#### IV.

Here is another cross-roads, a good mile farther forward—and less than a hundred yards behind the fire-trench. It is dawn.

The roads themselves are not so distinct as they were. They are becoming grass-grown: for more than a year—in daylight at least—no human foot has trodden them. The place is like hundreds of others that you may see scattered up and down this countryside—two straight, flat, metaled country roads, running north and south and east and west, crossing one another at a faultless right angle.

Of the four corners thus created, one is—or was—occupied by an estaminet: you can still see the sign, *Estaminet du Commerce*, over the door. Two others contain cottages—the remains of cottages. At the fourth, facing south and east, stands what is locally known as a "Calvaire,"—a bank of stone, a

lofty cross, and a life-size figure of Christ, facing east towards the German lines.

This spot is shelled every day—has been shelled every day for months. Possibly the enemy suspects a machine-gun or an observation post amid the tumble-down buildings. Hardly one brick remains upon another. And yet—the sorrowful Figure is unbroken. The Body is riddled with bullets—in the glowing dawn you may count not five but fifty wounds—but the Face is untouched. It is the standing miracle of this most materialistic War. Throughout the length of France you will see the same thing.

Agnostics ought to come out here, for a "cure."

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### MAJOR WAGSTAFFE ON THE BANDAR LOG.

With spring comes also the thought of the Next Push.

But we do not talk quite so glibly of pushes as we did. Neither, for that matter, does Brother Boche. He has just completed six weeks' pushing at Verdun, and is beginning to be a little uncertain as to which direction the pushing is coming from.

No; once more the military textbooks are being rewritten. We started this War under one or two rather fallacious premises. One was that Artillery was more noisy than dangerous. When Antwerp fell, we rescinded that theory. Then the Boche set out to demonstrate that an Attack, provided your Artillery preparation is sufficiently thorough, and you are prepared to set *no* limit to your expenditure of Infantry, must ultimately succeed. To do him justice, the Boche supported his assertions very plausibly. His phalanx bundled the Russians all the way from Tannenburg to Riga. The Austrians adopted similar tactics, with similar results.

We were duly impressed. The world last summer did not quite realize how far the results of the campaign were due to German efficiency and how far to Russian unpreparedness. (Russia, we realize now, found herself in the position of the historic Mrs. Partington, who endeavored to repel the Atlantic with a mop. This year, we understand, she is in a position to discard the mop in favor of something far, far better.)

Then came—Verdun. Military science turned over yet another page, and noted that against consummate generalship, unlimited munitions, and selfless devotion on the part of the defense, the most spectacular and highly-doped phalanx can spend itself in vain. Military science also noted that, under modern conditions, the capture of this position or that signifies nothing: the only method of computing victory is to count the dead on either side. On that reckoning, the French at Verdun have already gained one of the great victories of all time.

"In fact," said Colonel Kemp, "this war will end when the Boche has lost so many men as to be unable to man his present trench-line, and not before."

"You don't think, sir, that we shall make another Push?" suggested Angus M'Lachlan eagerly. The others were silent: they had experienced a Push already.

"Not so long as the Boche continues to play our game for us, by attacking. If he tumbles to the error he is making, and digs himself in again—well, it may become necessary to draw him. In that case, M'Lachlan, you shall have first chop at the Victoria Crosses. Afraid I can't recommend you for your last exploit, though I admit it must have required some nerve!"

There was unseemly laughter at this allusion. Four nights previously Angus had been sent out in charge of a wiring-party. He had duly crawled forth with his satellites, under cover of

darkness, on to No Man's Land; and, there selecting a row of "knife-rests" which struck him as being badly in need of repair, had well and truly reinforced the same with many strands of the most barbarous brand of barbed wire. This, despite more than usually fractious behavior upon the part of the Boche

Next morning, through a sniper's loophole, he exhibited the result of his labors to Major Wagstaffe. The Major gazed long and silently upon his subordinate's handiwork. There was no mistaking it. It stood out bright and gleaming in the rays of the rising sun, amid its dingy surroundings of rusty ironmongery. Angus M'Lachlan waited anxiously for a little praise.

"Jolly good piece of work," said Major Wagstaffe at last. "But tell me, why have you wired the Boche trenches instead of your own?"

"The only enemy we have to fear," continued Colonel Kemp, rubbing his spectacles savagely, "is the free and independent British voter—I mean, the variety of the species that we have left at home. Like the gentleman in Jack Point's song, 'he likes to get value for money'; and he is quite capable of asking us, about June or July, 'if we know that we are paid to be funny?' What's your view of the situation at home, Wagstaffe? You're the last off leave."

Wagstaffe shook his head.

"The British Nation," he said, "is quite mad. That fact, of course, has been common property on the Continent of Europe ever since Cook's Tours were invented. But what irritates the orderly Boche is that there is no method in its madness. Nothing you can go upon, or take hold of, or wring any advantage from."

"As how?"

"Well, take compulsory service. For generations the electorate of our country has been trained by a certain breed

of politician—the *bandar log* of the British Constitution—to howl down such a low and degrading business as National Defense. A nasty Continental custom, they called it. . . . Then came the War, and the glorious Voluntary System got to work."

"Aided," the Colonel interpolated, "by a campaign of mural advertisement which a cinema star's press agent would have boggled at!"

"Quite so," agreed Wagstaffe. "Next, when the Voluntary System had done its damndest—in other words, when the willing horse had been worked to his last ounce—we tried the Derby Scheme. The manhood of the nation was divided into groups, and a fresh method of touting for troops was adopted. Married shysters, knowing that at least twenty groups stood between them and a job of work, attested in comparatively large numbers. The single shysters were less reckless—so much less reckless, in fact, that compulsion began to materialize at last."

"But only for single shysters," said Bobbie Little regretfully.

"Yes; and the married shyster rejoiced accordingly. But the single shyster is a most subtle reptile. On examination, it was found that the single members of this noble army of martyrs were all 'starred,' or 'reserved,' or 'ear-marked'—or whatever it is that they do to these careful fellows. So the poor old married shyster, who had only attested to show his blooming patriotism and encourage the others, suddenly found himself confronted with the awful prospect of having to defend his country personally, instead of by letter to the halfpenny press. Then the fat was fairly in the fire! The married martyr—"

"Come, come, old man! Not all of them!" said Colonel Kemp. "I have a married brother of my own, a solicitor of thirty-eight, who is simply clamoring for active service!"

"I know that, sir," admitted Wagstaffe quickly. "Thank God, these fellows are only a minority, and a freak minority at that; but freak minorities seem to get the monopoly of the limelight in our unhappy country. Anyway, the married shyster lifted up his voice and yowled. He explained, chiefly to reporters employed by newspapers whose patriotic proprietors were out to jockey the Government into the gutter and set up a Freak Government instead, that he had no *idea*, when he attested, that the Government would ever play the game so low down as to call him up. He said it was about the limit that a decent middle-aged householder of twenty-four couldn't go and attest, just to oblige the Government and give a jolt to irresponsible young bachelors of forty, without being made a fool of by being taken at his word."

"I haven't seen a paper for days," said the Colonel. "How do this high-minded crowd propose to evade the unfortunate consequences of their own patriotism?"

"They are now clamoring," said Wagstaffe, "for compulsory service all round."

"How on earth is that going to help them?"

"The idea appears to be that if the whole of the Cold Feet Corps is mobilized at once, the unattested will be punished for their previous want of manly spirit by being called up before the attested."

"The whole affair," mused the Colonel, "can hardly be described as a frenzied rally round the Old Flag. By God," he broke out suddenly, "it fairly makes one's blood boil! When I think of the countless good fellows, married and single, but mainly married, who left *all* and followed the call of common decency and duty the moment the War broke out—most of them now dead or crippled; and when I see this miserable handful of shirkers, holding

up vital public business while the pros and cons of their wretched claims to exemption are considered—well, I almost wish I had been born a Boche!"

"I don't think you need apply for naturalization papers yet, Colonel," said Wagstaffe. "The country is perfectly sound at heart over this question, and always was. The present agitation, as I say, is being engineered by the more verminous section of our incomparable daily Press, for its own ends. It makes our Allies lift their eyebrows a bit; but they are sensible people, and they realize that although we are a nation of lunatics, we usually deliver the goods in the end. As for the Boche, poor fellow, the whole business makes him perfectly rabid. Here he is, with all his splendid organization and brutal efficiency, and he can't even knock a dent into our undisciplined, back-chatting, fool-ridden, self-depreciating old country! I, for one, sympathize with the Boche profoundly. On paper, we don't *deserve* to win!"

"But we shall!" remarked that single-minded paladin, Bobby Little.

"Of course we shall! And what's more, we are going to derive a national benefit out of this War which will in itself be worth the price of admission!"

"How?" asked several voices.

Wagstaffe looked round the table. The Battalion were for the moment in Divisional Reserve, and consequently out of the trenches. Some one had received a box of Coronas from home, and the mess president had achieved a bottle of port. Hence the present symposium at Headquarters Mess. Wagstaffe's eyes twinkled.

"Will each officer present," he said, "kindly name his pet aversion among his fellow-creatures?"

"A person or a type?" asked Mr. Waddell cautiously.

"A type, thank you!"

Colonel Kemp led off.

"Weedy, spotty, unpleasant youths," he said, "who smoke cigarettes and hang about stage doors!"

"Fat, shiny men," said Bobby Little, "with walrus mustaches!"

"All conscientious objectors, passive resisters, and other cranks!" continued the orthodox Waddell.

"All people who go on strike during war-time," said the Adjutant. There was an approving murmur—then silence.

"Your contribution, M'Lachlan?" said Wagstaffe.

Angus, who had kept silence from shyness, suddenly blazed out—

"I think," he said, "that the most contemptible people in the world today are those politicians and others who, in years gone by, systematically cried down anything in the shape of national defense or national inclination to personal service, because they saw there were no votes in such a program; and who *now*"—Angus's passion rose to fever-heat—"stand up and endeavor to cultivate popular favor by reviling the Ministry and the Army for want of preparedness and initiative. Such men do not deserve to live! Oh, sirs——"

But Angus's peroration was lost in a storm of applause.

"You are adjudged to have hit the bull's-eye, M'Lachlan," said Colonel Kemp. "But what is your own contribution to the list, Wagstaffe?"

"My predecessors"—Wagstaffe looked round the linoleum-spread table approvingly—"have covered the ground pretty thoroughly; but I think I should like to throw in—All self-appointed saviors of the country at the present moment, including the freak Parliamentary candidates. You know—the Aeroplanes-for-All Candidate; and the Married Men's Candidate; and the Right to Get Drunk Candidate! (I believe he put up a *great* fight somewhere). Also——"



"But tell us, Wagstaffe," interposed the Colonel, "your exact object in compiling this horrible catalogue."

"Certainly. It is this. Universal Service is a *fait accompli* at last, or is shortly going to be—and without anything very much in the way of exemption either. When it comes, just think of it! All these delightful people whom we have been enumerating—the Crank, the Passive Resister, the Conscientious Objector, the Anti-Vaccinator, the Sympathetic Striker—will have to toe the line at last. For the first time in their little lives they will learn the meaning of discipline, and fresh air, and *esprit de corps*. Isn't that worth a War? If the present scrap can only be prolonged for another year, our country will receive a tonic which will carry it on for another century. Think of it! Great Britain, populated by men who have actually been outside their own parish; men who know that the whole is greater than the part; men who are too wide awake to go on doing just what the *bandar log* tell them, and allow themselves to be used as stalking-horses for low-down political ramps! When *we*, going round in bath-chairs and on crutches, see that sight—well, I don't think we shall regret our missing arms

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and legs quite so much, Colonel. War is Hell, and all that; but there is one worse thing than a long war, and that is a long peace!"

"I wonder!" said Colonel Kemp reflectively. He was thinking of his wife and four children in distant Argyllshire.

But the rapt attitude and quickened breath of Temporary Captain Bobby Little endorsed every word that Major Wagstaffe had spoken. As he rolled into his "flea-bag" that night, Bobby quoted to himself, for the hundredth time, a passage from Shakespeare which had recently come to his notice. He was not a Shakespearean scholar, nor indeed a student of literature at all; but these lines had been sent to him, cut out of a daily almanac, by an equally unlettered and very adorable confidante at home:—

And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they  
were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles  
any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint  
Crispin's day!

Bobby was the sort of person who would thoroughly have enjoyed the Battle of Agincourt.

End of Part One.

## THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

The Boy Scout Movement owes its origin to the genius of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. The idea of training boys in scouting dates from 1884, when he applied it to recruits in his regiment, and, in revised form, from 1897, to young soldiers in the 5th Dragoon Guards. He had found that it was necessary to develop a man's character before putting upon him the routine training of drill. The system was based on education as opposed to instruction, and was an evolution of the

ideas of Epictetus, the code of the Knights, the Zulus and Red Indians, Dr. Jahn, Sir William Smith, Dr. Arnold, Thompson Seton, Sir Robert's own father, and others. The possibility of putting responsibility on boys and training them seriously was brought to the proof on a small scale during the siege of Mafeking, when Sir Robert and Lord Edward Cecil raised a corps of boys. The success of the experiment was so great, that the possibility of further developments, on

an extended scale, was forced on the attention of the originators of the idea.

When Sir Robert came home from South Africa in 1902, he found his book, "Aids to Scouting," being used in schools (and by Boy Organizations) for teaching boys. As the book had been written for soldiers, it was not really suitable for boys. An experimental camp for boys, under Sir Robert's own direction, was held in 1907; and as the result of the work there carried out the book was re-written, as "Scouting for Boys," in 1908. At that time there was no intention of having a separate organization of Boy Scouts. Rather was it thought that the Boys' Brigade, the Junior Y.M.C.A., the Church Lads' Brigade, and other similar organizations would utilize the idea. However, a large number of boys and men, outside these organizations, took up the idea; and it was found necessary to form some kind of a directorate to control it. This directorate, at first, consisted only of three persons, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Major McLaren, and Miss Macdonald; they did their work, with the help of a grant of 500*l.* from the late Lord Stratheona, in a room provided by Mr. Arthur Pearson. The movement grew and assumed such proportions that Sir Robert gave up the army in 1910, in order to be able to devote his whole time and energy to the Scouts. The methods, aims and organization underwent close examination by the Privy Council in 1910; and a Royal Charter of Incorporation was granted. His Majesty the King became Patron, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales became Chief Scout for Wales.

Such, in bare outline, is the origin and development of the movement. At the present time the cowboy hat and the bare knees of the Scout are such a familiar sight that the scoffer—and there were plenty in 1910—has ceased to regard them as a legitimate target for his banter. Further, in a vague kind of

way, many people are even beginning to realize that the picturesque uniform and uncanny cries of the Scout conceal possibilities of educational and moral progress of a high and serious character. At the same time, it is amazing that, after almost six years of marked progress and development, so few people have anything but the most indefinite ideas as to what the Scout Movement really means. There are people who think it is "good for the boys," especially slum boys, because it may keep them out of mischief. There are bitter anti-militarists who regard it as a dodge of the conscription party and oppose it accordingly. There are military men who see in it the same idea, but regard it as merely "playing at soldiers." Not one of these numerous classes has caught the merest glimpse of the ideas of the founder. Here and there may be found some man of note—statesmen like Lord Rosebery, educationists like Mr. Sadler—who has realized what it may mean to the nation, and who has not hesitated to express his approval in unmeasured terms.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, Scouting is a moral force—a game perhaps, but a serious game, a matter (as Lord Rosebery has said) "of high importance, inspiring and uplifting every detail of a boy's life. It is a great fellowship, embodied to preserve and observe great principles—self-help and help to others, patriotism, loyalty, honor, faith and duty." During the few years of its existence, this movement for the development of character has laid its hands on the whole civilized world, and has spread with the rapidity of a new faith. At the end of 1913 there were close on 200,000 Scouts of all ranks in the United Kingdom and in the Overseas Dominions. It is estimated that in foreign countries there are at least half a million. Of these, the greater number, 300,000, are in the United States of America. In Ger-

many there are over 50,000. There is not one of these hundreds of thousands of recruits but has felt an influence, such as the ordinary systems of education have failed, in greater or less degree, to apply. The influence has been felt most where it is most needed. It is like washing; the results are most apparent where it is most required; the need, however, is universal.

A moral movement rests upon a set of principles or rules, which its adherents must recognize, understand, and be prepared to follow. The moral basis of the Scout Movement is the Scout Law. It may be described as the Boys' Decalogue. It is in a language which they understand, bears a message which they recognize, and is a call to action which they are willing to follow. No boy can be enrolled as a Scout until he has promised, on his honor, to keep this Law.

The following is a brief statement of the Law:

1. *Honor*.—A Scout's honor is to be trusted.

2. *Loyalty*.—A Scout is loyal to the King and his officers, to his country and to his employers.

3. *Helpfulness*.—A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

4. *Friendship*.—A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

5. *Courtesy*.—A Scout is courteous, especially to women and children.

6. *Kindness to animals*.—A Scout is a friend to animals.

7. *Obedience*.—A Scout obeys the orders of his patrol leader, scoutmaster, and parents, without question.

8. *Cheerfulness*.—A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances.

9. *Thrift*.—A Scout is thrifty.

10. *Purity*.—A Scout is pure in thought, word, and deed.

It will be noticed that these laws are all commands to the boy to do or be something, not to forbear doing or being

something. A boy wants to be actively, not passively, virtuous. It is easier for him to help his mother by weeding the garden than to "sit still and be good." Too often our conception of character is negative; it refers chiefly to resisting power, the power to resist temptation and to avoid evil ways. But, as a matter of fact, character is much more than self-restraint; it is self-direction; and the aim of the Scout Law is to help the boy in the right direction of himself.

It would occupy too much space to give here a detailed account of the various ways in which the different laws are put into practice. As an example, however, the Third Law may be taken—"a Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others." When a boy is enrolled as a Scout, he not only promises, in general terms, to keep the Scout Law, but he also promises, in more specific terms, to "help other people at all times"; and his instructions include the important one that he is to let no day pass without doing cheerfully, and without reward, a good turn to some one else. These good turns vary considerably in character; it is possible that they are not always performed with the regularity demanded by the official instructions, but failure in this respect is oftener due to lack of opportunity than to want of will.\* There is no doubt that the element of knight-errantry, embodied in the custom of good turns, has a fascination for the boy, and calls forth all his most generous impulses.

To test the truth of this remark it is only necessary to ask the first Scout met in the street—somebody who is a complete stranger—to go out of his way

\*By way of illustrating the quaint conceptions some boys have of this duty, Sir R. Baden-Powell, on the occasion of a public dinner in connection with the movement, told the following story. A Scout one evening went to bed regretting that he had had no opportunity of doing a kind action that day. He was just going to sleep when he heard the trap close on a mouse. Happy thought! He got up, opened the trap, took the mouse out by the tail, and—gave it to the cat.

to do something, and it will be found that he will not hesitate, excuse himself or refuse. What is more, he will not take a reward for his service. This fact is now so well established in places where Scout troops exist, that it is sometimes difficult to satisfy all the demands upon them for public service. These demands have immensely increased since August 1914.

At the outbreak of the war the Scouts in all centers were called on to volunteer immediately for certain services pending proper mobilization of the Reserve Force. These services included watching telegraphs, telephones and railway bridges, and guarding certain sections of the coast. The military and police authorities in all parts of the country were offered and gladly accepted the services of the Scouts within the first few hours of the declaration of the war; and several thousand boys took up their duties, being ready organized in convenient units of eight, equipped with tents and transport, and trained to signaling, patrolling, dispatch-riding, and cooking for themselves.

A War Service Badge was instituted for Scouts who performed twenty-eight days' service of three hours a day without reward; and in the first five months over 5000 of these badges were issued. More than 50,000 Scouts, during the same period, gave their services in Government offices, hospitals, relief associations, police stations and other places. In a few cases a small sum has been paid for maintenance; but, generally speaking, the work has been done without pay, because it is a Scout's duty to help all people at all times.

At the firing line in France there is, at the present moment, an ambulance car, provided and manned entirely by Scouts. As the car is getting worn out, the Scouts at home have promised to send another. Now, no Scout is al-

lowed to beg for money, either for his own or any other organization. So the rich Scout must give his own pocket money; the poor boy in employment must give out of his wages; and he who has neither work nor pocket-money must find a job and pay out of his earnings.

The Scoutmaster of a troop in connection with the Digbeth Institute, in perhaps the poorest part of Birmingham, determined to find out, if possible, whether or not his boys did actually do their daily good turns. One evening he distributed strips of paper among them, and asked them to write down honestly what good turn they had done that day. In order to avoid either false shame or false vanity the papers were to be returned unsigned. Amongst the reports sent up were the following:

"I have clend the windos."

"Helped a man with a handcart up Hill St."

"Led a blind man home."

"Stopped a boy throwing at a dog."

"Helped a small child with a lot of coal up the gutter."

"Bathed a boy's head for him when he had cut it with a sharp stone."

"Carried a little child across the road."

"I have took to helping an old lady every morning."

"I gave a boy who called himself a Scout a good hiding for kicking a dog."

"I have not done one so far, but will see what lays in my power to do one on my way home."

Now, it is an easy thing to provide a boy with a law of conduct. It is not very difficult, if the appeal be made properly, to get him to promise to keep it. It is quite another thing so to lay your schemes that the promise shall be kept. If a law is to be operative there must be some kind of force behind it—the power of the State, public opinion, an inner consciousness of right. In the case of the Scout there can be no compulsion, no force from without. The

power that impels the Scout to try to live up to his promise—and he does try—is not so very difficult to determine. We may get an inkling of it if we say that he is beguiled into goodness as a kind of game; and it is the nature of the game that next demands attention.

Scouts are divided into different classes or ranks. A boy passes from one rank to the other as he becomes more and more proficient. There are no seniority promotions. The tests for promotion are graded in quality and quantity. They are easy enough, in the lower grades, to offer no discouragement to the weak and feeble; they are difficult enough, in the higher ranks, to call for considerable industry, patience, and skill.

The lowest rank is that of the Tenderfoot. To attain this, the boy must know the Scout Law (moral training), know the composition and history of the Union Jack (history and patriotism), be able to make certain salutes (discipline and smartness), understand a number of secret signs (appeal to his sense and love of mystery), and tie a number of useful knots with rope (pioneering). The signs are used in the open air in following trails through woods and along roads, to places where hidden treasures are buried or dead Indians concealed.

The next rank is that of the Second Class Scout. This Scout must be able to bandage a broken limb and to stop bleeding (help to others); to signal either in Morse or Semaphore (quickness of eye and concentration); cook his own dinner over a wood-fire laid in the open and lit with not more than two matches (pioneering); put at least sixpence in the bank (thrift); find his way about with a compass (pathfinding); follow a trail half a mile long in twenty-five minutes (observation and deduction); go a mile, walking and running twenty paces alternately, in exactly

twelve minutes (judgment and physical exercise).

The First Class Scout has to continue his first-aid work and to learn how to deal with common accidents, such as drowning, runaway horses, and the like. Since the inauguration of the Scout Movement the total number of awards for various forms of life-saving has reached just over 1000. Other First Class tests are—to swim fifty yards; signal at an increased rate of speed; go a journey of fourteen miles on foot and write a report of it; read a map; make a rough sketch-map; find the points of the compass by sun, moon, and stars; cook a number of simple dishes in the open; judge distance, height, area, weight, number and volume within twenty-five per cent error; increase the bank account to at least one shilling; make something either in wood or metal.

There are still higher ranks than that of the First Class Scout, but this brief account of the course of work up to that rank is sufficient to show how varied is the nature of the work and how many attractions it possesses for the average boy. But this is far from being the whole of the story. When a boy has attained the rank of Second Class Scout he may try to earn one or more Proficiency Badges. Of these there are over fifty. Some of the most important are classified below.

For *Public Service*. Such badges are given for proficiency as ambulance-helper, fireman, and missionary or sick nurse. The standard of attainment is sometimes quite high. For instance, Albert Edward Bentley, a Scout of the 1st Cheshunt Troop, joined the army as soon as the war broke out. Towards the end of October, 1914, he was seriously wounded in the thigh. In spite of his wound he stayed under fire for eight hours, and, during that time, he dressed the wounds of three other men whom it was impossible to move. He had



learned surgical dressing as a Scout. For his act of bravery he was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, but it was his ability to help others that deserves emphasis.

The *hobbies* group of badges includes those of airman (making model aeroplanes), basket-worker, gardener, musician and photographer. The *occupations* group includes bee-farmer, blacksmith, carpenter, dairy-farmer, engineer, farmer, horseman, leather-worker, mason, metal-worker, miner, pilot, plumber, poultry-farmer, printer, tailor, and textile worker.\* The badges for occupations and hobbies are intended to encourage the boys to take up definite pursuits in life; among the poorest boys they act in preventing the boys from entering blind-alley occupations. The question of employment has led to the formation of employment bureaux in connection with some troops; in other cases the Scoutmaster acts as the link between the local Labor Exchange and the troop. In Middlesex, owing to the kindness of Mr. Johnson of New Barnet, it has been possible to guarantee paid employment, leading to a definite career in adult manhood, to every Scout in the county. Several badges are associated with *sports and pastimes* for physical development; these include swimmer, boatman, cyclist, marksman, master-at-arms, pioneer, rescuer, and sea-fisherman.

We have noted the moral training afforded by means of the Scout Law, the formal training of the Scout for the different ranks of his order, and the encouragement afforded to all kinds of healthy pursuits by means of the system of Proficiency Badges. But even this long list of activities does not exhaust the means at the disposal of the Scoutmaster for the development of the

\*In one instance—that of the Scout corps at Wargrave-on-Thames—a patrol was (until the war) entirely self-supporting owing to the earnings of its members by small jobbing printing, instruction in which was given by two resident patrons.

Scout. We have yet to notice briefly the outdoor occupations, such as bridge-building, hut-building, tree-felling, and other pioneer activities, camps and games.

The Scout camp offers great opportunities for the cultivation of self-help, resourcefulness, and help to others. Here it is possible to put into practice much that has been learned in the club room. One great feature of such a camp is its cheapness. The boys are taught to depend on themselves, and to do with as little equipment as possible. There are no luxuries; there are as many comforts as the Scout with his axe and his wits can provide from his immediate surroundings; and what these may mean are only known to those who have organized such camps. Perhaps one of the most successful of cheap camps has been carried out by the Scouts of the Harrow County School. A party of ten went from Harrow to Switzerland, tramped through the Bernese Oberland, put in two nights at Brussels, and returned home, after a month on the continent, having spent less than five pounds per head, all traveling expenses included. Camps for poor boys have been run at a cost of seven or eight shillings per head a week.

Scout games are numerous; most of them aim at cultivating observation. They often call for a knowledge of the map or some acquaintance with tracking. They are based on the boy's love of acting, preferably in the form of a pirate, a hunter, an Indian, or a general. They involve no expense; they require no prepared grounds. They can be played by any number a side from eight to a hundred. They solve, for the poor, the problem of open-air games without expense, and illustrate, for the rich, a method of open-air enjoyment and physical exercise that does not require the velvet turf or the services of a groundman.

Each troop of Scouts is made up of patrols of from six to eight. The head of the patrol is the patrol leader, and is usually appointed by the Scoutmaster. The patrol leader chooses another boy as his assistant or Second. The patrol leader is given full responsibility, and he gets further training, by virtue of his office, over and above that which the Scouts in his patrol receive. For he is a real leader; he is the head of his "gang" in games, and their instructor in everything of which he possesses sufficient knowledge. He has to be obeyed, and there is no appeal except to the Scoutmaster. His work develops powers of organization and leadership that can be realized only by those who have watched their growth.

In connection with the patrol system is the weekly Court of Honor. The meeting is presided over by the Scoutmaster; the other members of the Court are the patrol leaders and, in some cases, the Seconds. The Court interviews offenders and slackers, deals with the troop finance, manages its business and plans its enterprises. The patrol leaders present reports of the work done by their patrols during the previous week; the boy secretary keeps the minutes; the boy quartermaster attends to the supplies. In all this there is a training in business habits and an introduction to civic life.

From this condensed account of what the Scout learns and does, it will be gathered that the idea in the mind of Sir Robert Baden-Powell was to produce that type of manliness which is best exhibited in the frontiersmen of our colonies, men distinguished for their energy, resourcefulness, pluck and endurance. The game is one in which muscles, brains and morals all have a part; and it is just because of the intimate connection that exists between them that the moral element is able to exert so great an influence for good. In this new pastime that is put before the

boys of the world, which is suitable for all classes, creeds and colors, it is necessary both to fear God and to know how to cook; to help your neighbor and mend your own boots. Duty and honor; swimming and bridge-building; kindness to animals and signaling; help for the weak and fire-lighting; the duties of an Arthurian knight and the adventures of a Robinson Crusoe—all skillfully interwoven into one never-ending, ever-varying, jolly game, whose spirit and rules touch every possible aspect of a boy's life.

It is not necessary to point out further the value of the movement to the schoolmaster. It is not an aid to education; it is an education in itself, and is as applicable to Eton as to a special difficulty school in the East End of London. Nor is it necessary to insist further on its value to the town boy in drawing him away from smoky streets to the purer air of the countryside. A School Health Officer, at a recent conference, described this aspect of the movement in two happy phrases—"physiological righteousness" and "applied hygiene."

Within the limits of the space that remains it may be well to try to indicate, in outline, how, in the future, the Scout Movement may help towards the solution of two problems of great national importance—Continuation Schools and National Service.

The alleged failure of the Elementary School, which has been such a marked feature of much educational criticism in recent years, is due rather to heredity, infantile neglect, indifferent or evil homes and parents, physical defect owing to insufficient nutrition, employment and bad environment out of school hours, and the abrupt termination of all the civilizing influences of the school at the early age of fourteen. During the period of adolescence the boy develops new powers of reason, conscience, idealism and love. His

physical growth is rapid and accompanied by the dawn of puberty. His senses become much keener, his emotions increase in force, and his imagination seeks wider spheres in which to satisfy itself. But at the same time there is an imperfect development of reason and will, a greater liability to evil, vice, and crime, accompanied, however, by an increased susceptibility to religious and educational influences. In the Secondary School it is the time of greatest profit. But it is the time when a boy leaves the Elementary School and is sent out into the world, often into an environment detrimental to all forms of progress. Hence arises the demand for the Continuation School.

It is curious that so many of those who demand compulsory Continuation Schools should have devoted their thoughts almost entirely to the perfection of purely technical training for higher grades of labor. They seem to have forgotten that, under modern conditions, it is impossible to "teach a boy a trade." Modern production is the work of machinery, and this calls for an abundance of cheap unskilled labor. Machinery will not and cannot be abolished to meet the wishes of the reformers; rather will it increase in efficiency with the passing of the years.

Skilled work, that is, work the performance of which requires that the workman shall have a definite training extending over a term of years, needs its own special technical schools; and these, in great measure, are already provided in all the big industrial centers. It is the needs of the unskilled worker, the man who attends to machinery and to mechanical occupations which can be learned in practice and which require no definite training other than an elementary education, that have chiefly to be considered. These unskilled workers are by far the majority of those who get their living in fac-

tory and field. The Education Officer of the London County Council says that "Only about one-third of the children leaving the elementary schools of the metropolis enter a form of occupation which can, by any stretch of the imagination, be called skilled." These compulsory Continuation Schools then, will be filled, for the most part, by children who have left school at fourteen to take up unskilled work. At present these children suffer from excessive hours of labor and lack of physical development; as a rule, they learn nothing of value through their work.

The hours of labor can be reduced by the State; but that will not solve the problem of the curriculum of the school or the expense of the maintenance of the new establishments. For the present, there can be no such development, both on account of the state of public opinion and the heavy cost that will have to be faced. At this juncture, the Scout Movement offers an escape from some of the difficulties, and a suggestion as to the curriculum of the future. By means of the Proficiency Badge system the boy can be encouraged to increase his industrial efficiency. He can get familiarity with the ordinary tools of the workshop, and with simple machines, a grounding in mechanics, and some practice as a draughtsman, while working for his Engineer's Badge; and the same principle is applicable in many other cases. But, even on the side of industry, it is not specialized industrial training but a good general education that is needed, something that shall make of the necessary majority of unskilled workers a race at once energetic, resourceful, intelligent, careful, trustworthy and adaptable.

Further, these schools should give training in civics and in sex; should teach the duties of the citizen, father and husband. They must supply the pupil with a well-developed body, and

so include many forms of physical exercises. In this latter connection note the value of the Swimmer's Badge and that for Master-at-Arms, and the general teaching of the Scout in matters of health, by which the responsibility for his own health is thrown upon himself. There should be some knowledge of First Aid and Hygiene, and, on the literary side, power to express thought clearly and some capacity of appreciating what is good in literature.

It will be gathered from what has been said in the previous part of this article that the training of the Scout makes for just that kind of education which it should be the business of the Continuation School to supply. And, when such schools come into being, quite two-thirds of what should be their curriculum could be done by the Scouts or organized in connection with them. The nation would save in money and gain in increased moral power, for no school, as such, can hope to capture the imagination of the boy for good, in the way that the Scout blend of knight-errant, cowboy, and craftsman does. The supply of officers for these troops is another problem; but, if Scout Troops are organized in Secondary Schools with the view of training the pupils for social service amongst their less fortunate brethren, this difficulty might soon be solved.

The demand for National Service includes the training of boys. Military training is given to Cadets in many schools; and there is, under the influence of the war, a marked growth in the number of such schools. It is given also in such organizations as the Church Lads' Brigade. In an address given by the Chief Scout to the Royal United Services Institution in 1911 he pointed out the defects of the Cadet system for national purposes. His conclusions were these:

1. The Cadet system requires special-ly capable officers for the training of

boys; and these are difficult to find because good officers prefer more serious forms of soldiering.

2. The expense limits the Cadet training to a certain class of boys.

3. The principle of the Cadet Corps is only applicable to populous centers. In country districts a boy gets no chance of becoming a Cadet.

4. The physical training is only nominal. Exercise is obtained only on parade; and parades are not too frequent.

5. A very considerable portion of the nation conscientiously objects to the teaching of soldiering to boys before they are of an age to judge for themselves; and the objection is so powerful that it cannot be neglected.

6. The discipline is only nominal. The Cadet is under orders only while on parade; the discipline is put on and off with the uniform; it does not become a part of the character.

7. The glamour soon wears off. Previous to the war only ten per cent of the Cadets joined any branch of the Service.

8. The system fails to give the boys any idea of their duties as citizens.

9. It involves the expenditure of public money.

On the other hand, the Chief Scout emphasized the following points in connection with the Scout Movement:

1. The work appeals to officers and boys; and there is less difficulty in getting both men and boys to join.

2. The movement is non-military; and this appeals to a large number of parents. Boys of all denominations join, even Quakers.

3. It is applicable to small centers, for the unit is eight.

4. The moral training, and sense of duty and discipline, go on all the time. The Scout is never off duty.

5. The training in the open air makes not only for health but for handiness and resourcefulness.

6. It does not bore the boy or destroy his desire to serve as a soldier subsequently. About 70 per cent of

the Scouts joined the Service as against 10 per cent of the Cadets.

7. It can be used to standardize the training of our race.

In the Annual Report of the Boy Scout Association for 1913, the Chief Scout states that the Scout training is a far better foundation for ultimate soldiering than any amount of mere drill. It is worth while to emphasize this point by way of conclusion. The general education of the Secondary School is regarded as a basis on which any kind of specialized form of training can afterwards be built; and the Headmasters, with one accord, decline to accept any utilitarian theories as to their work or mission. Yet, strangely enough, in the matter of national defense, they are almost unanimous in adopting the specialized form of military training given to Cadets. Now, just as the general education of the Secondary School is the best foundation on which to build subsequent professional studies, so the Scout training is the best foundation on which to build the future colonist, pioneer or soldier. This is particularly true under the conditions of modern warfare. Evidence is accumulating in support of the following letter from an officer at the front:

For this kind of fighting not only is pluck required, but also intelligent individual initiative, which no amount of drill can give. Our barrack-square training, improved though it has been, is not sufficiently up-to-date. Cadets and Boys' Brigade training is a good step forwards towards understanding discipline and punctuality; but I should like my men recruited from Boy Scouts.

In this officer's company all the ex-Boy Scouts are non-commissioned officers; and one of them, a lad of twenty with no previous military training, is Sergeant of the Battalion Scouts.

If the nation decides, after the war, that boys are to have some form of

military training, then a powerful plea could be put in for the retention of the Scouts as an alternative form of training. Provision is already made in its schemes for musketry, by the award of a Marksman's Badge. This could be compulsory on all. A minimum of drill might be added. The Scout learns, in the ordinary course of things, to signal, to find his way by map, stars, sun and moon, to make rough sketch-maps, to write official reports, to cook his food, to build bridges and to bind up wounds. He learns all that a soldier needs, and yet is not a soldier or specially trained to become one. Under a national system of service the Scout troops would have to be inspected as to efficiency; and the duties of inspecting might fall either on the Education Department or the War Office. The absence of the military spirit would make the movement a desirable alternative for conscientious objectors; its cheapness would be an attraction to the taxpayer; and its moral value would become so evident as to win the unqualified approval of all those who have the national welfare at heart.

But, as a matter of fact, there is very little probability that there will be any general military training for boys of school age, except such as schools care to institute for themselves. Cadet training will, as now, be carried out in Secondary Schools among the older boys, where the masters show a desire for it. But the inspectorate and the official educational world generally are satisfied that military drill has a narrowing effect upon the mind of the boy; and the military world thinks it of no very great importance. If, however, there should be national training for boys over school age, it would still be possible to retain the Scouts as an alternative or to institute Senior Scout Cadet Corps, attached to Scout organizations, but inspected by the War Office. These corps could specialize in signaling, first



aid, engineering and so on, and be of greater value than those units whose training consisted of nothing but drill. They would preserve the Scout spirit of helpfulness and self-discipline and come under that moral influence that is absent from the mechanical evolutions of the barrack square. The officers could rank with those of the Territorial Forces; and a choice could be given to all those who were already Scouts as to whether they would serve in a Scout Cadet Corps or an ordinary regiment.

At the present moment a certain amount of pressure is being put on many Secondary Schools, either by the public, The Quarterly Review.

the boys, or the Governors, to start Cadet Corps. They would be better serving their country by establishing Scout troops. These offer, at one and the same time, a new form of education for boys of all ages, a course of continuation work suitable for boys leaving the Elementary Schools at too early an age, a basis for the professional training of future soldiers, and an opportunity for social service as Scoutmasters, to those who, having leisure, wealth, or intellect, desire to spend some portion of their treasure in brightening the lives of others whose lot has been cast in less pleasant spots than their own.

*Ernest Young.*

## A NIGHT PATROL.

*"During the night, only patrol and reconnoitring engagements of small consequence are reported."*—Extract from Dispatch.

"Strafe the Germans and all their works, particularly their mine works!" said Lieutenant Ainsley disgustedly.

"Seeing that's exactly what you're told off to do," said the other occupant of the dug-out, "why grouse about it?"

Lieutenant Ainsley laughed. "That's true enough," he admitted; "although I fancy going out on patrol in this weather and on this part of the line would be enough to make Mark Tapley himself grouse. However, it's all in the course of a lifetime, I suppose."

He completed the fastening of his mackintosh, felt that the revolver on his belt moved freely from its holster, and that the wire nippers were in place, pulled his soft cap well down on his head, grunted a "Good-night," and dropped on his hands and knees to crawl out of the dug-out.

He made his way along the forward firing trench to where his little patrol party awaited his coming, and having seen that they were properly equipped

and fully laden with bombs, and securing a number of these for his own use, he issued careful instructions to the men to crawl over the parapet one at a time, being cautious to do so only in the intervals of darkness between the flaring lights.

He was a little ahead of the appointed time; and because the trench generally had been warned not to fire at anyone moving out in front at a certain hour, it was necessary to wait until then exactly. He told the men to wait, and spent the interval in smoking a cigarette. As he lit it the thought came to him that perhaps it was the last cigarette he would ever smoke. He tried to dismiss the thought, but it persisted uncomfortably. He argued with himself and told himself that he mustn't get jumpy, that the surest way to get shot was to be nervous about being shot, that the job was bad enough but was only made worse by worrying about it. As a relief and distraction to his own thoughts, he listened to catch the low remarks that were passing between the men of his party.

"When I get home after this job's

done," one of them was saying, "I'm going to look for a billet as stoker in the gas works, or sign on in one o' them factories that roll red-hot steel plates and you 'ave to wear an asbestos sack to keep yourself from firing. After this I want something as hot and dry as I can find it."

"I think," said another, "my job's going to be barman in a nice snug little public with a fire in the bar parlor and red blinds on the window."

"Why don't you pick a job that'll be easy to get?" said the third, with deep sarcasm—"say Prime Minister, or King of England. You've about as much chance of getting them as the other."

Lieutenant Ainsley grinned to himself in the darkness. At least, he thought, these men have no doubts about their coming back in safety from this patrol; but then of course it was easier for them because they did not know the full details of the risk they ran. But it was no use thinking of that again, he told himself.

He took his place in readiness, waited until one flare had burned out and there was no immediate sign of another being thrown up, slipped over the parapet and dropped flat in the mud on the other side. One by one the men crawled over and dropped beside him, and then slowly and cautiously, with the officer leading, they began to wend their way out under their own entanglements.

There may be some who will wonder that an officer should feel such qualms as Ainsley had over the simple job of a night patrol over the open ground in front of the German trench; but, then, there are patrols and patrols, or as the inattentive recruit at the gunnery class said when he was asked to describe the varieties of shells he had been told of: "There are some sorts of one kind, and some of another."

There are plenty of parts on the Western Front where affairs at inter-

vals settled down into such a peaceful state that there was nothing more than a fair sporting risk attaching to the performance of a patrol which leaves the shelter of our own lines at night to crawl out amongst the barbed wire entanglements in the darkness. There have been times when you might listen at night by the hour together and hardly hear a rifle-shot, and when the burst of artillery fire was a thing to be commented on. But at other times, and in some parts of the line especially, business was run on very different lines. Then every man in the forward firing-trench had a certain number of rounds to fire each night, even although he had no definite target to fire at. Magnesium flares and pistol lights were kept going almost without ceasing, while the artillery made a regular practice of loosing off a stated number of rounds per night. The Germans worked on fairly similar lines, and as a result it can easily be imagined that any patrol or reconnoitring work between the lines was apt to be exceedingly unhealthy. Actually there were parts on the line where no feet had pressed the ground of No Man's Land for weeks on end, unless in open attack or counter-attack, and of these feet there were a good many that never returned to the trench, and a good many others that did return only to walk straight to the nearest aid-post and hospital.

The neutral ground at this period of Ainsley's patrol was a sea of mud, broken by heaped earth and yawning shell-craters; strung about with barbed wire entanglements, littered with equipments and with packs which had been cut from or slipped from the shoulders of the wounded; dotted more or less thickly with the bodies of British or German who had fallen there and could not be reached alive by any stretcher-bearer parties. Unpleasant as was the coming in contact with these bodies,

Ainsley knew that their being there was of considerable service to him. He and his men crawled in a scattered line, and whenever the upward trail of sparks showed that a flare was about to burst into light, the whole party dropped and lay still until the light had burned itself out. Any Germans looking out could only see their huddled forms lying as still as the thickly scattered dead; could not know but what the party was of their number.

It was necessary to move with the most extreme caution, because the slightest motion might catch the attention of a lookout, and would certainly draw the fire of a score of rifles and probably of a machine-gun. The first part of the journey was the worst, because they had to cover a perfectly open piece of ground on their way to the slight depression which Ainsley knew ran curling across the neutral ground. Wide and shallow at the end nearest the British trench, this depression narrowed and deepened as it ran slantingly towards the German; halfway across, it turned abruptly and continued towards the German side on another slant, and at a point about halfway between the elbow and the German trench, came very close to an exploded mine-crater, which was the objective of this night's patrol.

It was supposed, or at least suspected, that the mine-crater was being made the starting-point of a tunnel to run under the British trench, and Ainsley had been told off to find out if possible whether this suspicion was correct, and if so to do what damage he could to the mine entrance and the miners by bombing.

When his party reached the shallow depression, they moved cautiously along it, and to Ainsley's relief reached the elbow in safety. Here they were a good deal more protected from the German fire than they could be at any point, because from here the depression

was fully a couple of feet deep and had its highest bank next the German trench. Ainsley led his men at a fairly rapid crawl along the ditch, until he had passed the point nearest to the mine-crater. Here he halted his men, and with infinite caution crawled out to reconnoitre. The men, who had been carefully instructed in the part they were to play, waited huddling in silence under the bank for his return, or for the fusillade of fire that would tell he was discovered. Immediately in front of the crater was a patch of open ground without a single body lying in it; and Ainsley knew that if he were seen lying there where no body had been a minute before, the German who saw him would unhesitatingly place a bullet in him. A bank of earth several feet high had been thrown up by the mine explosion in a ring round the crater, and although this covered him from the observation of the trench immediately behind the mine, he knew that he could be seen from very little distance out on the flank, and decided to abandon his crawling progress for once and risk a quick dash across the open. For long he waited what seemed a favorable moment, watched carefully in an endeavor to locate the nearer positions in the German trench from which lights were being thrown up, and to time the periods between them.

At last three lights were thrown and burned almost simultaneously within the area over which he calculated the illumination would expose him. The instant the last flicker of the third light died out, he leaped to his feet, and made a rush. The lights had shown him a scanty few rows of barbed wire between him and the crater; he had reckoned roughly the number of steps to it and counted as he ran, then more cautiously pushed on feeling for the wire, found it, threw himself down, and began to wriggle desperately underneath. When he thought he was through the last, he

rose; but he had miscalculated, and the first step brought his thighs in scratching contact with another wire. His heart was in his mouth, for some seconds had passed since the last light had died and he knew that another one must flare up at any instant. Sweeping his arm downward and forward, he could feel no wire higher than the one which had pricked his legs. There was no time now to fiddle about avoiding tears and scratches. He swung over the wire, first one leg, then the other, felt his mackintosh catch, dragged it free with a screech of ripping cloth that brought his heart to his mouth, turned and rushed again for the crater. As he ran, first one light, then another, soared upwards and broke out into balls of vivid white light that showed the crater within a dozen steps. It was no time for caution, and everything depended on the blind luck of whether a German lookout had his eyes on that spot at that moment. Without hesitation, he continued his rush to the foot of the mound on the crater's edge, hurled himself down on it and lay panting and straining his ears for the sounds of shots and whistling bullets that would tell him he was discovered. But the lights flared and burned out, leaped afresh and died out again, and there was no sign that he had been seen. For the moment he felt reasonably secure. The earth on the crater's rim was broken and irregular, the surface an eye-deceiving patchwork of broken light and black heavy shadow under the glare of the flying lights. The mackintosh he wore was caked and plastered with mud, and blended well with the background on which he lay. He took care to keep his arms in, to sink his head well into his rounded shoulders, to curl his feet and legs up under the skirt of his mackintosh, knowing well from his own experience that where the outline of a body is vague and easily escapes notice, a head or an arm, or

especially and particularly a booted foot and leg, will stand out glaringly distinct. As he lay, he placed his ear to the muddy ground, but could hear no sound of mining operations beneath him. Foot by foot he hitched himself upward to the rim of the crater's edge, and again lay and listened for thrilling long-drawn minute after minute.

Suddenly his heart jumped and his flesh went cold. Unmistakingly he heard the scuffle and swish of footsteps on the wet ground, the murmur of voices apparently within a yard or two of his head. There were men in the mine-crater, and, from the sound of their movements, they were creeping out on a patrol similar to his own, perhaps, and as near as he could judge, on a line that would bring them directly on top of him. The scuffling passed slowly in front of him, and for a few yards along the inside of the crater. The sound of the murmuring voices passed suddenly from confused dullness to a sharp, clear-edged speech, telling Ainsley, as plainly as if he could see, that the speaker had risen from behind the sound-deadening ridge of earth and was looking clear over its top. Ainsley lay as still as one of the clods of earth about him, lay scarcely daring to breathe, and with his skin pringling. There was a pause that may have been seconds, but that felt like hours. He did not dare move his head to look; he could only wait in an agony of apprehension with his flesh shrinking from the blow of a bullet that he knew would be the first announcement of his discovery. But the stillness was unbroken, and presently, to his infinite relief, he heard again the guttural voices and the sliding footsteps pass back across his front, and gradually diminish. But he would not let his impatience risk the success of his enterprise; he lay without moving a muscle for many long and nervous minutes. At last he began to hitch himself slowly, an inch at a time, along

the edge of the crater away from the point to which the German lookout had moved. He halted and lay still again when his ear caught a fresh murmur of guttural voices, the tramping of many footsteps, and once or twice the low but clear clink of an iron tool in the crater beneath him.

It seemed fairly certain that the Germans were occupying the crater, were either making it the starting-point of a mine tunnel, or were fortifying it as a defensive point. But it was not enough to surmise these things; he must make sure, and if possible bomb the working party or the entrance to the mine tunnel. He continued to work his way along the rim of the crater's edge. Arrived at a position where he expected to be able to see the likeliest point of the crater for a mine working to commence, he took the final and greatest chance. Moving only in the intervals of darkness between the lights, he dragged the mackintosh up on his shoulders until the edge of its deep collar came above the top of his head, opened the throat and spread it wide to disguise any outline of his head and neck, found a suitable hollow on the edge of the ridge, and boldly thrust his head over to look downwards into the hole.

When the next light flared, he found that he could see the opposite wall and perhaps a third of the bottom of the hole, with the head and shoulders of two or three men moving about it. When the light died, he hitched forward and again lay still. This time the light showed him what he had come to seek: the black opening of a tunnel mouth in the wall of the crater nearest the British line, a dozen men busily engaged dragging sackfuls of earth from the opening, and emptying them outside the shaft. He waited while several lights burned, marking as carefully as possible the outline of the ridge immediately above the mine

shaft, endeavoring to pick a mark that would locate its position from above it. It had begun to rain again in a thin drizzling mist, and although this obscured the outline of the crater to some extent, its edge stood out well against the glow of such lights as were thrown up from the British side.

It was now well after midnight, and the firing on both sides had slackened considerably, although there was still an irregular rattle of rifle fire, the distant boom of a gun and the scream of its shell passing overhead. A good deal emboldened by his freedom from discovery and by the misty rain, Ainsley slid backwards, moved round the crater, crept back to the barbed wire and under it, ran across the opening on the other side and dropped into the hole where he had left his men. He found them waiting patiently, stretched full length in the wet discomfort of the soaking ground, but enduring it philosophically and concerned, apparently, only for his welfare.

His sergeant puffed a huge sigh of relief at his return. "I was just about beginning to think you had 'gone West,' sir," he said, "and wondering whether I oughtn't to come and 'ave a look for you."

Ainsley explained what had happened and what he had seen. "I'm going back, and I want you all to come with me," he said. "I'm going to shove every bomb we've got down that mine shaft. If we meet with any luck, we should wreck it up pretty well."

"I suppose, sir," said the sergeant, "if we can plant a bomb or two in the right spot, it will bottle up any Germans working inside?"

"Sure to!" said Ainsley. "It will cave in the entrance completely; and then as soon as we get back, we'll give the gunners the tip, and leave them to keep on lobbing some shells in and breaking up any attempt to reopen the shaft and dig out the mining party."



"Billy!" said one of the men in an audible aside, "don't you wish you was a merry little German down that blinkin' tunnel, tonight?"

"I don't think!" answered Billy.

Ainsley explained his plan of campaign, saw that everything was in readiness, and led his party out. The misty rain was still falling, and, counting on this to hide them sufficiently from observation if they lay still while any lights were burning, they crawled rapidly across the open, wriggled underneath the wires, cut one or two of them—especially any which were low enough to interfere with free movement under them—and crawled along to the crater.

Ainsley left the party sprawling flat at the foot of the rim, while he crept up to locate the position over the mine shaft. Each man had brought about a dozen small bombs and one large one packed with high explosive. Before leaving the ditch, on Ainsley's directions, each man tied his own lot in one bundle, bringing the ends of the fuses together and tying them securely with their ends as nearly as possible level, so that they could be lit at the same time. Each man had with him one of those tinder pipe-lighters, which are ignited by the sparks of a little twirled wheel. When Ainsley had placed the men on the edge of the crater, he gave the word, and each man lit his tinder, holding it so as to be sheltered from sight from the German trench, behind the flap of his mackintosh. Then each took a separate piece of fuse about a foot long, and, at a whispered word from Ainsley, pressed the end into the glowing tinder. Almost at the same instant, the four fuses began to burn throwing out a fizzing jet of sparks. Each man knew that, shelter them as they would from observation, the sparks were almost certain to betray them; but although some rifles began at once to crack spasmodically and the bullets to whistle overhead, each man went on with the

allotted program steadily, without haste and without fluster, devoting all their attention to the proper igniting of the bomb-fuses, and leaving what might follow to take care of itself. As his length of fuse caught, each man said "Ready!" in a low tone; Ainsley immediately said "Light!" and each instantly directed the jet of sparks as from a tiny hose into the tied bundle of the bomb-fuses ends. The instant each man saw his own bundle well ignited, he reported "Lit!" and thrust the fuse ends well into the soft mud. Being so waterproofed as to burn if necessary completely under water, this made no difference to the fuses, except that it smothered the sparks and showed only a curling smoke-wreath. But the first sparks had evidently been seen, for the bomb party heard shoutings and a rapidly increasing fire from the German lines. A light flamed upward near the mine-crater. Ainsley said, "Now!—and take good aim." The men scrambled to their knees and, leaning well over until they could see the black entrance of the mine shaft, tossed their bundles of bombs as nearly as they could into and around it. In the pit below, Ainsley had a momentary glimpse of half a dozen faces, gleaming white in the strong light, upturned, and staring at him; from somewhere down there a pistol snapped twice, and the bullets hissed past over their heads. The party ducked back below the ridge of earth, and as a rattle of rifle fire commenced to break out along the whole length of the German line, they lit from their tinder the fuses of a couple of bombs specially reserved for the purpose, and tossed them as nearly as they could into the German trench a score of paces away. Their fuses being cut much shorter than the others, the bombs exploded almost instantly, and Ainsley and his party leaped down to the level ground and raced across to the wire.

By now the whole line had caught the alarm; the rifle fire had swelled to a crackling roar, the bullets were whistling and storming across the open. In desperate haste they threw themselves down and wriggled under the wire, and as they did so they felt the earth beneath them jar and quiver, heard a double and triple roar from behind them, saw the wet ground in front of them and the wires overhead glow for an instant with rosy light as the fire of the explosion flamed upwards from the crater.

At the crashing blast of the discharge, the rifle fire was hushed for a moment; Ainsley saw the chance and shouted to his men, and, as they scrambled clear of the wire, they jumped to their feet, rushed back over the flat, and dropped panting in the shelter of the ditch. The rifle fire opened again more heavily than ever, and the bullets were hailing and splashing and thudding into the wet earth around them, but the bank protected them well, and they took the fullest advantage of its cover. Because the depression they were in shallowed and afforded less cover as it ran towards the British lines, it was safer for the party to stay where they were until the fire slackened enough to give them a fair sporting chance of crawling back in safety.

They lay there for fully two hours before Ainsley considered it safe enough to move. They were of course long since wet through, and by now were chilled and numbed to the bone. Two of the men had been wounded, but only very slightly in clean flesh wounds: one through the arm and one in the flesh over the upper ribs. Ainsley himself bandaged both men as well as he could in the darkness and the cramped position necessary to keep below the level of the flying bullets, and both men, when he had finished, assured him that they were quite comfortable and entirely free from pain. Ainsley doubted

this, and because of it was the more impatient to get back to their own lines; but he restrained his impatience, lest it should result in any of his party suffering another and more serious wound. At last the rifle fire had died down to about the normal night rate, had indeed dropped at the finish so rapidly in the space of two or three minutes that Ainsley concluded fresh orders for the slower rate must have been passed along the German lines. He gave the word, and they began to creep slowly back, moving again only when no lights were burning.

There were some gaspings and groanings as the men commenced to move their stiffened limbs.

"I never knew," gasped one, "as I'd so many joints in my backbone, and that each one of them could hold so many aches."

"Same like!" said another. "If you'll listen, you can hear my knees and hips creaking like the rusty hinges of an old barn-door."

Although the men spoke in low tones, Ainsley whispered a stern command for silence.

"We're not so far away," he said, "but that a voice might carry; and you can bet they're jumpy enough for the rest of the night to shoot at the shadow of a whisper. Now come along, and keep low, and drop the instant a light flares."

They crawled back a score or so of yards that brought them to the elbow-turn of the depression. The bank of the turn was practically the last cover they could count upon, because here the ditch shallowed and widened and was, in addition, more or less open to enfilading fire from the German side.

Ainsley halted the men and whispered to them that as soon as they cleared the ditch they were to crawl out into open order, starting as soon as darkness fell after the next light. Next moment they commenced to move, and

as they did so Ainsley fancied he heard a stealthy rustling in the grass immediately in front of him. It occurred to him that their long delay might have led to the sending out of a search party, and he was on the point of whispering an order back to the men to halt, while he investigated, when a couple of pistol lights flared upwards, lighting the ground immediately about them. To his surprise—surprise was his only feeling for the moment—he found himself staring into a bearded face not six feet from his own, and above the face was the little round flat cap that marked the man a German.

Both he and the German saw each other at the same instant; but because the same imminent peril was over each, each instinctively dropped flat to the wet ground. Ainsley had just time to glimpse the movement of other three or four gray-coated figures as they also fell flat. Next instant, he heard his sergeant's voice, hurried and sharp with warning, but still low toned.

"Look out, sir! There's a big Boche just in front of you."

Ainsley "sh-sh-shed" him to silence, and at the same time was a little amused and a great deal relieved to hear the German in front of him similarly hush down the few low exclamations of his party. The flare was still burning, and Ainsley, twisting his head, was able to look across the muddy grass at the German eyes staring anxiously into his own.

"Do not move!" said Ainsley, wondering to himself if the man understood English, and fumbling in vain in his mind for the German phrase that would express his meaning.

"Kamarade—eh?" grunted the German, with a note of interrogation that left no doubt as to his meaning.

"Nein, nein!" answered Ainsley. "You kamarade—sie kamarade."

The other, in somewhat voluble gutturals, insisted that Ainsley must

"kamarade," otherwise surrender. He spoke too fast for Ainsley's very limited knowledge of German to follow, but at least to Ainsley's relief, there was for the moment no motion towards hostilities on either side. The Germans recognized, no doubt as he did, that the first sign of a shot, the first wink of a rifle flash out there in the open, would bring upon them a blaze of light and a storm of rifle and maxim bullets. Even although his party had slightly the advantage of position in the scanty cover of the ditch, he was not at all inclined to bring about another burst of firing, particularly as he was not sure that some excitable individuals in his own trench would not forget about his party being in the open and hail indiscriminate bullets in the direction of a rifle flash, or even the sound of indiscreetly loud talking.

Painfully, in very broken German, and a word or two at a time, he tried to make his enemy understand that it was his, the German party, that must surrender, pointing out as an argument that they were nearer to the British than to the German lines. The German, however, discounted this argument by stating that he had one more man in his party than Ainsley had, and must therefore claim the privilege of being captor.

The voice of his own sergeant close behind him spoke in a hoarse undertone: "Shall I blow a blinkin' 'ole in 'im, sir? I could do 'im in acrost your shoulder, as easy as kiss my 'and."

"No, no!" said Ainsley hurriedly; "a shot here would raise the mischief."

At the same time he heard some of the other Germans speak to the man in front of him and discovered that they were addressing him as "Sergeant."

"Sie ein sergeant?" he questioned, and on the German admitting that he was a sergeant, Ainsley, with more fumbling after German words and phrases, explained that he was an

officer, and that therefore his, an officer's patrol, took precedence over that of a mere sergeant. He had a good deal of difficulty in making this clear to the German—either because the sergeant was particularly thick witted or possibly because Ainsley's German was particularly bad. Ainsley inclined to put it down to the German's stupidity, and he began to grow exceedingly wroth over the business. Naturally it never occurred to him that he should surrender to the German, but it annoyed him exceedingly that the German should have any similar feelings about surrendering to him. Once more he bent his persuasive powers and indifferent German to the task of over-persuading the sergeant, and in return had to wait and slowly unravel some meaning from the odd words he could catch here and there in the sergeant's endeavor to over-persuade him.

He began to think at last that there was no way out of it but that suggested by his own sergeant—namely, to "blow a blinkin' ole in 'im," and his sergeant spoke again with the rattle of his chattering teeth playing a castanet accompaniment to his words.

"If you don't mind, sir, we'd all like to fight it out and make a run for it. We're all about froze stiff."

"I'm just about fed up with this fool, too," said Ainsley disgustedly. "Look here, all of you! Watch me when the next light goes up. If you see me grab my pistol, pick your man and shoot."

The voice of the German sergeant broke in:—

"Nein, nein!" and then in English: "You no shoot! You shoot, and uns shoot alzo!"

Ainsley listened to the stammering English in an amazement that gave way to overwhelming anger. "Here," he said angrily, "can you speak English?"

"Ein leetle, just ein leetle," replied the German.

But at that and at the memory of the long minutes spent there lying in the mud with chilled and frozen limbs trying to talk in German, at the time wasted, at his own stumbling German and the probable amusement his grammatical mistakes had given the others—the last, the Englishman's dislike to being laughed at, being perhaps the strongest factor—Ainsley's anger overcame him.

"You miserable blighter!" he said wrathfully. "You have the blazing cheek to keep me lying here in this filthy muck, mumbling and bungling over your beastly German, and then calmly tell me that you understand English all the time. Why couldn't you *say* you spoke English? What? D'you think I've nothing better to do than lie out here in a puddle of mud listening to you jabbering your beastly lingo? Silly ass! You saw that I didn't know German properly, to begin with—why couldn't you say you spoke English?"

But in his anger he had raised his voice a good deal above the safety limit, and the quick crackle of rifle fire and the soaring lights told that his voice had been heard, that the party or parties were discovered or suspected.

The rest followed so quickly, the action was so rapid and unpremeditated, that Ainsley never quite remembered its sequence. He has a confused memory of seeing the wet ground illuminated by many lights, of drumming rifle fire and hissing bullets, and then, immediately after, the rush and crash of a couple of German "Fizz-Bang" shells. Probably it was the wet *plop* of some of the backward-flung bullets about him, possibly it was the movement of the German sergeant that wiped out the instinctive desire to flatten himself close to ground, that drove him to instant action. The sergeant half lurched to his knees, thrusting forward the muzzle of his rifle. Ainsley clutched at the revolver in his holster, but before

he could free it another shell crashed, the German jerked forward as if struck by a battering-ram between the shoulders, and lay with white fingers clawing and clutching at the muddy grass. A momentary darkness fell, and Ainsley just had a glimpse of a knot of struggling figures, of the knot's falling apart with a clash of steel, of a rifle spouting a long tongue of flame . . . and then a group of lights blazed again and disclosed the figures of his own three men crouching and glancing about them.

Of all these happenings Ainsley retains only a very jumbled recollection, but he remembers very distinctly his savage satisfaction at seeing "that fool sergeant," downed and the unappeased anger he still felt with him. He carried that anger back to his own trench; it still burned hot in him as they floundered and wallowed for interminable seconds over the greasy mud with the bullets slapping and smacking about them, as they wrenched and struggled over their own wire—where Ainsley, as it happened, had to wait to help his sergeant, who for all the advantage of their initiative in the attack and in the Germans being barely risen to meet it, had been caught by a bayonet-thrust in the thigh—the scramble across the parapet and hurried roll over into the water-logged trench.

He arrived there wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, with his shoulder

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stinging abominably from the ragged tear of a ricochet bullet that had caught him in the last second on the parapet, and, above all, still filled with a consuming anger against the German sergeant. Five minutes later, in the Battalion H.Q. dug-out, in making his report to the O.C. while the Medical dressed his arm, he only gave the barest and briefest account of his successful patrol and bombing work, but descanted at full length and with lurid wrath on the incident of the German patrol.

"When I think of that ignorant beast of a sergeant keeping me out there," he concluded disgustedly, "mumbling and spluttering over his confounded 'yaw, yaw' and 'nein, nein,' trying to scrape up odd German words—which I probably got all wrong—to make him understand and him all the time quite well able to speak good enough English—that's what beats me—why couldn't he say he spoke English?"

"Well, anyhow," said the O.C. consolingly, "from what you tell me, he's dead now."

"I hope so," said Ainsley viciously, "and serve him jolly well right. But just think of the trouble it might have saved if he'd only said at first that he spoke English!" He sputtered wrathfully again. "Silly ass! Why couldn't he just say so?"

Boyd Cable.

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## THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA.

This is a dangerous and a most misleading phrase; and it is very necessary that we should be well armed to meet the intrigues and sentiments to which it appeals not simply among neutral nations, but among some of our own people. Even Sir Edward Grey has looked kindly upon this false expression—not, of course, through the

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distorting mists of its most zealous admirers; but with obvious sympathy and liking. Long before there is any talk of peace, or of provisions for the future of Europe, we shall do well to get entirely clear as to this matter. There is no virtue at all in this "freedom of the seas." It is a phrase under cover of which the most malignant



harm may be done to British sea-power. Any of that bartering away of our naval strength, or the freedom to use it, which this phrase implies would be as fatal as a naval whole holiday would have been in the period 1912 to 1914. We simply cannot allow British sea-power to be maimed and hampered in return for illusory guarantees from a Power like Germany. The whole attitude suggested by this phrase is due to a complete misunderstanding of the meaning and necessity of British sea-power.

The doctrine of British sea-power is governed by one very simple axiom, but it is an axiom not always realized or accepted. The axiom is that for Great Britain, there is no half-way house between a matchless naval supremacy and a virtual obliteration from the ranks of the Great Powers. Either Great Britain must be safe upon the sea, or she ceases to exist at all. Either we must be ready and strong to meet any possible naval combination against us, or we must submit simply to obey in all things the commands of the group which controls a greater number of ships. Great Britain is in the curious position of either having to be a navalist or to be a slave. There is no question here of ambition or of aggression. It is a question of daily bread. Either we can hold the seas and breathe freely along with other Powers, or we can hold nothing at all—neither a policy nor even a livelihood. We must retain a major voice in all things pertaining to the sea or we must consent to go down in silence.

The freedom of the seas, as the idea is read by Germany, and, it is to be gravely feared, by a large number of amiable thinkers outside Germany, implies some sort of arbitrary check upon the British standard of sea-power, and upon the freedom of its employment. Great Britain cannot possibly consent to any dictation as to what is essential to her

security upon the sea; and any discussion of a "freedom" designed to limit in us our supreme rights of self-defense can be of no practical use. Great Britain can no more compromise her naval supremacy than France could compromise her right to have military railways and fortresses upon her western frontier. What are we to get in return for undertaking not to be strong upon the sea and free to use our strength? Are we to exchange our naval supremacy for a solemn guarantee that we shall never be starved, beaten to our knees, bludgeoned out of existence by any Power or possible combination of Powers? Nothing less than a guarantee of that sort, backed with the armed force of the whole world, and with the certainty that the whole world would never change its mind and repent its bargain, could justify us in cutting down our margin of naval security by a single ship. The idea that any such guarantee could ever be made practicable and trustworthy is wholly illusory. Not one of the men who talk concerning the freedom of the sea has suggested any means or sanction whereby such "freedom" could be enforced.

Mr. Balfour goes keenly to the heart of the matter when he points out that there can be freedom of the sea only under an irrefragable law of the sea; and that such a law must have sea-power behind it. Where is this sea-power to be found? Without a sea-power to enforce them guarantees can mean nothing to a nation whose existence hangs, with every minute that passes, upon control of the water. The freedom of the sea which Germany desires is an equality of sea-power with ourselves. That is what Germany means when she invites neutral seafarers to break the intolerable supremacy of British sea-power. The invitation should be very closely examined by those neutrals who have observed

the sea-practice and sea-law administered by the German Admiralty. The submarine campaign, the strewing of untethered mines, the notorious contempt of all moral deterrents which Germany has shown at her first entry among the fighting sea Powers of the world give very little reason to believe that a dilution of British sea-power with the German kind would really benefit the world. Is a Prussian alloy to be greatly desired in the metal of the British naval tradition? Here, at any rate, are some reflections by Mr. Balfour for America herself: "For two generations and more after the last great war," Mr. Balfour writes, "Britain was without a rival on the sea. During this period Belgium became a State, Greece secured her independence, the unity of Italy was achieved, the South American republics were established, the Monroe Doctrine came into being. To me it seems that the lesson to be drawn from history by those who love peace, freedom, and security is not that Britain and America should be deprived, or should deprive themselves, of the maritime powers they now possess, but that, if possible, those powers should be organized in the interests of an ideal common to the two States, an ideal upon whose progressive realization the happiness and peace of the world must largely depend."

Great Britain has held the sea in trust for generations, and the trust has not been abused. It is essential that we should continue to hold command of the sea, to have the senior voice and vote and right in all things that concern the sea. Hitherto the other Powers, seeing that sea-power is necessary to our existence, have been content that we should be upon the sea the greatest and strongest of them all. The war has not changed that position in the least. It has rather fortified and justified it. The

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only Power really interested in limiting British sea-power is Germany, and it is Germany alone, directly and indirectly, which has raised this question and cry of the "freedom" of the sea. Freedom of the sea, for Great Britain, simply means that Great Britain shall be deprived of the governing voice in affairs of the sea, that her supremacy shall be challenged and clipped.

It is clearly better for the peace of the world that that sanction which is necessary for the freedom and law of the sea should continue in the hands of a Power whose ancient practice and fair spirit are patent in all her dealings with matters which affect all seafarers. If Great Britain were ever false to her trust, if she were ever to use her sea-power to oppress, attack, or threaten her neighbors, it would then be time for the Powers to combine against her in the name of that "freedom" which Germany invokes today. That time has not yet arrived in the opinion of any civilized Power. It is recognized that the Power whose very existence depends on a fair, just, and lenient reading of the laws of the sea is the Power most suited to administer its "freedom." No Power stands to lose more by injustice to seafarers, by wrongs committed on the water, than Great Britain. Since there must be power and a sanction behind all equity, we may confidently claim for Great Britain that she is the most fit and the most secure trustee of that power. We have held it since the days of Nelson, and we shall continue, with the goodwill of other nations, to hold it till we are ready to become "the conscript appanage of a foreign Power."

This is the sole "freedom of the sea" which Great Britain can touch or deal with. Anything else is simply a playing with our livelihood and with our inheritance.

## A LIMB FOR A LIFE.

Among the many effective ways in which animals parry the thrusts of Death, is there one more daring than what is called autotomy—the surrender of a part which often saves the whole? Seemingly daring, one must say, however, for all the typical cases of self-mutilation are nowadays reflex, occurring quite apart from any deliberate intention to sacrifice intactness for existence. A starfish, seized by one of its arms, surrenders this to the captor and escapes with the other four, regrowing the missing part at its infinite leisure. But since the starfish has not a single nerve-ganglion in its body, no one can credit it with having reflectively recognized that it is better that one member should perish than that the whole life should be lost. That the surrender of an arm is effective is certain; that it now happens reflexly is also certain; but to conclude that this interesting kind of response to a frequently-recurring risk was historically established without any glimpse of awareness on the creature's part is premature. We have to remember, for instance, that brainless and ganglionless as the starfish is, it shows, *e.g.*, in its combat with a sea-urchin, a capacity for persisting in a prolonged endeavor along a line which is certainly not that of least resistance, which leads to a reward not immediately, but only eventually.

Perhaps Nature would not have put her natural selection stamp of approval on the asteroid's autotomy if individual starfishes had not approved of it themselves. We are not prepared, indeed, to say what form the brainless creature's approval might take, but we get an indication of it perhaps in approvals given by our subconscious self. Quite in the opposite direction is another saving-clause: that cases of a rat or a stoat cutting itself free from a

trap by amputating a limb belong to a category different from and higher than that of starfishes or crabs which illustrate typical autotomy.

The highest level at which autotomy is practised is among lizards, many of which need but little provocation to induce them to surrender their tail to their assailant—an expedient that often saves their life. The specific name of our British limbless lizard (*Anguis fragilis*) registers the uncanny readiness with which it surrenders the tail of its snake-like body. That lizards have taken ages to bring their life-saving curtailment to perfection seems probable, especially when we notice that in many forms there is a special breakage area, and that a weak line has been established affecting skin, muscles, connective tissue, and backbone. Across the middle of the vertebra there is a soft zone, the breakage plane, at which the tail snaps in the autotomy. What is lost by the amputation can be regrown at leisure, though not with the original finish. Newts and salamanders (and the tadpoles of frogs and toads) have great powers of regrowing parts that have been bitten off, but, so far as we know, lizards are the only backboned animals that show autotomy. The phenomenon is seen again among molluscs, not a few of which give off pieces of their body. There is the very curious case of many male cuttlefishes which give away an "arm" in marriage—the discharged member being described by some old zoologists as a separate creature called "Hectocotylus." This instance should perhaps be kept by itself, but it shows that the capacity of surrendering parts can be utilized towards various ends. Some zoologists have tried to restrict the term "autotomy" to the surrender of what should

normally be retained, but it does not seem practicable to maintain this strict usage. Many of the sea-slugs, like Tethys, though captured ever so gently, proceed to disembarass themselves of finger-like processes on their back—strange sops to Cerberus. Many worms also show a strong tendency to self-mutilation when they find themselves in the unusual conditions of capture. One throws off its tentacles, another its pharynx: one offers you its head and another its tail. We look on with helpless chagrin while a fine specimen of a ribbon-worm, say *Cerebratulus*, lying unharmed in a basin of clean sea-water, breaks' with strong muscular contractions into inch-long pieces. There may be some intense disturbance of metabolism which we do not understand; or it may be that we are simply witnessing an extreme tetanic exhibition of what occurs in a less drastic way in ordinary life and with life-saving results. The losses are soon made good and the parts may become wholes. In many simple worms the periodic surrender of a posterior piece is a regularized mode of multiplication; in the Palolo worm which burrows in the coral reefs, nearly the whole of the body is broken off at the breeding season and bursts in the water, liberating tens of thousands of germ-cells, while the head remains in the rock and makes a new body by and by. Among starfishes, brittle-stars, feather-stars and sea-cucumbers there is an extraordinary prevalence of autotomy. A starfish may jerk off each of its five arms seized in succession; it may cast off an injured or parasitized arm; in rare cases it multiplies by division. Sea-cucumbers discharge their viscera in the spasms of capture and may thus escape from an astonished foe. The replacement of the food-canal is sometimes accomplished in ten days, though it may take as many weeks. The heart-urchin gives off its snapping spines

when they nip the skin of some molester.

One often sees among the stubble very interesting, somewhat spider-like creatures called harvestmen or Phalangidæ which move swiftly (in the evening especially) on extraordinarily lank legs, over twenty times the length of the body. They hunt mostly by night, killing and sucking small insects and drinking drops of dew. If we catch one by the leg it surrenders it instantaneously and stalks away. The same sort of profitable autotomy is exhibited by some spiders and by some insects, such as grasshoppers, crickets, and their relatives. A quaint case is that of the Termites, or white ants, which shed their wings when they settle down, after their so-called "nuptial flight." The amputation in all these cases is rapid and reflex, and there is no bleeding. But zoological knowledge of the physiology of autotomy is very defective except in the case of the higher crustaceans, to which we shall now pass, with special reference to the recent work of Mr. J. Herbert Paul.\*

(1) It has been recorded in regard to a common amphipod crustacean, called *Gammarus*, that if a leg be injured the animal bites it down to the base—a quaintly deliberate autophagy. (2) If a prawn's leg be violently seized the animal gives a vigorous jerk with its tail and the leg breaks off at the base between the second and third joint. If the breakage fails, the prawn may be seen to tug at the limb with its jaws, thus harking back towards autophagy. (3) If the leg of a lobster or crayfish be seized, it always breaks at the level of a groove in the third basal segment. There is a definite breaking plane. Moreover, before the animal strikes with its tail, a muscle in the third joint weakens the limb at the level of the breaking groove by pulling inwards part of a ring of calcareous integument.

\**Proc. Roy. Soc. Edinburgh*. XXXV (1915), pp. 78-94.

The amputation is more complex and more effective. The autotomy does not work unless the limb be gripped, but in some cases, again, the animal may pull off a damaged limb with the help of one of the clawed appendages.

(4) In hermit-crabs, which shelter their soft tail in a borrowed gasteropod shell, a damaged limb is amputated simultaneously with the withdrawal within the sheltering shell. A message travels to the nearest ganglion of the ventral nerve-cord; an answer comes back commanding violent muscular contraction at the base of the leg; and in a moment the limb is severed. But it is very interesting to find that a hermit-crab upset by being removed from its borrowed shell may pluck at an injured limb with its forceps, or may even bite it down to the breaking-plane, thus falling back on autophagy. (5) It is in crabs that the autotomy reaches perfection. There is a definite breaking-plane, a line of weakness, across the second basal joint; the breaking is due to the forcible antagonism of muscles working at this plane; the snap occurs before one has time to say "self-amputation." In the shore-crab and the edible-crab the limb cannot break off unless the distal part of it be pressed against something, such as the animal's own shell or a stone; in the swimming-crab and the sand-crab even the *point d'appui* is dispensed with.

We see then that the surrender of a limb is of common occurrence in higher crustaceans. It often secures escape; it also prevents bleeding to death if a limb has been badly wounded by an enemy or bruised by the movement of stones on a storm-swept shore. We find, moreover, that it sometimes occurs rather roughly and sometimes with great neatness; that it sometimes involve several acts in a chain and sometimes only one. And the very interesting general result reached by Mr. Herbert Paul's fine experiments is that

in those higher crustaceans, such as crabs, where the breaking joint is structurally most complex, the physiological reflex process is simplest. It is a single reflex, whereas in lower forms there may be several links in the chain of events. In the crab, as he says, there has come about in the course of time a short-circuiting of a "current" which in lower forms followed a much longer path. Such occasional returns to autophagy as the hermit-crab exhibits seem to us to corroborate our suggestion that we must not conclude from the simplicity of a present-day reflex that the process has evolved without any factor of awareness.

What is the evolutionist's finding—provisional, of course—in regard to the problem of autotomy? Perhaps this: (a) that a capacity for breakage is very widespread among the less integrated lower animals; (b) that it may have to do with increase in size beyond the limits of nervous control, or with an inequality in the intensity of metabolic processes in different parts of the body; (c) that the giving off of parts may be useful as a mode of vegetative multiplication, as a means of getting rid of an aged, injured, or parasitized portion, and as a way of escaping from enemies; and (d) that it has come to be associated with a subsequent regeneration of what has been surrendered. Given these materials, and plenty of time and sifting, the organism may possibly be able to work out automatically elaborations as finished as those in the crab. But it is at least a tenable theory that the organism is a purposive individuality as well as a co-ordination of chemical reactions taking place in a colloid substratum, and that from time to time the factor of endeavor and the will to live has entered into the evolutionary process with varied degrees of self-awareness. It is conceivable also that what in some cases required to begin with—it may have been for a million years



—genuine behavior, the controlled coordination of a chain of activities, so that they lead to an effective result, may in the course of time be short—  
The New Statesman.

circuited and sink to the plane of reflexes, leaving the organism disembarrassed and free for fresh adventure.

J. Arthur Thomson.

## AMERICAN OR HUMAN LIVES?

The American reply to Germany has many merits. It is concise, clear, and stern. It seizes and accepts the definite concession contained in the German Note which, in form at any rate, is an adequate response to the demand of the American Note, published April 21st. That demand was for the extension to all ships in all seas of the pledges regarding submarine attacks formerly confined, first to liners, secondly to the Mediterranean. The satisfaction in this new concession may, indeed, well be qualified by recollection of the various violations to which the two narrow pledges have been subjected. But in discussing the merits of all diplomacy, it is necessary to assume the *bona fides* of the Governments, and to take their pledges and assertions upon their face value, until facts compel a different interpretation. The net result of the controversy, therefore, as far as it has gone, is that America has in effect secured a withdrawal of the most dangerous, and, from the German standpoint, most effective weapon in the seas. For it is generally admitted that, if German submarine commanders scrupulously fulfil their obligations to give warning and to save life, they cannot safely or advantageously operate. That Germany has formally made this large concession is *prima facie* evidence of her anxiety to avoid adding the United States to her enemies. But the form of the German reply leaves it open to Germany to revoke this concession if, in the course of the next few months, she should decide that her increased submarine strength makes it worth her while to do so. For

she must have known that America could not accept the condition which she attached to the concession. There are some among us who think that Mr. Wilson ought to have refused as unsatisfactory a concession attached to which was what they regard as an "absolute" condition to secure the stoppage of the British blockade policy. And, no doubt, if America had wanted war now, she would have been justified in rejecting the German Note as a conditional assent instead of the unqualified assent her previous Note demanded. But that course was not forced on her by the form in which Germany conveyed her "condition" of assent. She did not say "We will stop our submarine policy if you will compel England to drop her blockade; otherwise, we will not do so." That would have been an absolute condition, which America could not have accepted. She said: "We have already stopped our submarine policy at your request. We look to you to secure for us from England a *quid pro quo*. If we find you fail to do so, we reserve the liberty to resume our submarine policy, if we choose." America replies: "We take note that you have acceded to our request. With your assertion of the contingency of your concession upon the results of our future negotiations with Great Britain we have no concern. It will not affect these negotiations."

In a word, the condition set by Germany on her concession is not absolute, nor was Mr. Wilson obliged to treat it as such. The net effect is that, for some time to come, at any rate until Germany has had time to follow the negotiations

between America and the Allies, her concession holds good, unless she now replies to America, converting her condition into an absolute and immediate one. Whether she will take this latter course depends, no doubt, upon the strength which her submarine officers are able to command in determining the war policy of their country.

But there is one matter of deep concern and deep regret in the reply of the United States. The previous Note had dwelt forcibly upon the rights of humanity outraged by the ruthless and lawless methods of submarine warfare. But the present Note in its final paragraph reverts to the definitely lower and more self-regarding level of "the rights of citizens of the United States." It even suggests, though it does not declare, that it will ignore any outrages, even in defiance of the general pledge, which do not involve directly the lives or property of American citizens. This weakness, if we may say so without offense, has marred the whole course of American diplomacy with Germany. She has not made it clear, perhaps is not clear herself, how far she stands for humanity and internationalism, and how far for that narrower national standpoint which has been traditional in the history of her foreign policy. The issue came up sharply at the outset of the war in relation to her obligations as a signatory of the Hague Convention in regard to the conduct of war. Though her obligation was here expressly qualified by a footnote to the Treaty, some obligation of diplomatic protest was certainly due to the occasion. None was performed. The language in several of her Notes has fluctuated between the recognition and the denial of the wider international standpoint. This hesitation is no doubt natural. For this war has ripened with intense rapidity the great issue of America's place in the world of international politics, which hitherto was only visible to a small num-

ber of more enlightened citizens. Even now it is evident that larger masses of the people, especially in sections of the country more remote from Europe, remain closely wedded to the old ideas of national isolation, interpreting even the new demands for military and naval "preparedness" entirely in terms of America's own needs, interests, and perils. On the other hand, the process of the war is educating and ripening other wider and ultimately saner ideas in many thoughtful minds. Americans are coming to recognize not only that politics and commerce are conspiring to bring the United States into the larger world system, but that their country's more glorious future destiny will depend upon the influence she shall exert as a member of that system. Growing numbers of her more enlightened public men and newspapers are rallying to this larger cause, and are making their appeal to the idealism of America, as well as to the material interests that are involved. Whether America is drawn into this war or retains her neutrality until its close, it is equally urgent that the motives which actuate her shall consciously proceed from this wider conception of her status and destiny. In a recent "Appeal to the President," an influential organ of educated opinion, the "New Republic," has eloquently urged that if America is driven to a breach with Germany, she shall announce "that we shall not only break off negotiations but aid her enemies until she agrees to abandon submarine warfare against commerce, until she agrees to evacuate Belgium, France, and Serbia, to indemnify Belgium, and to accept the principle that in the future all nations shall use their resources against the Power which refuses to submit its quarrel to international inquiry." In other words, America shall not only consent to become a definitely international being, but she shall take the first place in asserting the necessity of

international concerted action for the preservation of peace and civilization.

It is the omission of this higher note that we deplore in the final paragraph of Mr. Wilson's Note. Narrower considerations of politics may in part account for it. Public opinion is more sensitive in America than in any other country, and the grave impolicy of the executions in Ireland will have a damaging influence upon the feelings of a nation so strongly suffused with Irish blood and sentiment. This new injury to a section of Americans so powerful in politics we must expect to see reflected in a harder and less sympathetic attitude towards this country. We may think this unjust and unreasonable. But we are living in a world and at a time in which justice and reason are not particularly potent.

The Nation.

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### THE SCEPTICISM OF THE PLAIN MAN.

What was the plain man's religion in the Middle Ages? There is no more interesting historical question, and none, we suppose, more difficult to answer. Mr. G. G. Coulton has written a fascinating and suggestive article in the *Hibbert Journal* upon this subject. The mediæval man, like the modern man, was, he thinks, little influenced by "current theory," and the Middle Ages, he asserts, might more truly be called the Ages of Acquiescence than the Ages of Faith. "The chances are I go where all men go, said Lindsay Gordon, breaking away from the Calvinism in which he had been brought up. This, we think, is what "most men" in all religions and all ages say in their hearts. But while Mr. Coulton admits this, he is convinced that the problem of personal salvation weighed far more heavily upon the mediæval than upon the modern mind. From top to bottom of the scale, there were men who sought it from birth to death. The really great men strove to reconcile it with "the highest altruism" and "the widest human outlook at the same time," but "at the bottom of the scale the jostle for salvation was gross and frankly immoral."

Indulgences, pardons, relics, and charms appealed to a crowd not conscience-stricken but superstitious. Seated

about among the acquiescent masses, who correspond to the indifferent men of today, we find, Mr. Coulton assures us, many sceptics. He gives us instances of the different forms taken by this spirit of doubt, and as we read his typical instances we cannot avoid the reflection that if the plain man's religion changes little in the ages, the plain man's doubts change less. To begin with the clergy. Actual disbelief does not seem to have been very common among them; but might not the following summary of doubt of the Church's Creeds, with its final decision to abide by them, have been written today? The author, Mr. Coulton tells us, was a monk, a contemporary of Thomas à Kempis:—

How many temptations I suffered in that novitiate especially concerning the Catholic Faith is known only to God, to whom all things are open. For God was so great and glorious in my heart that I could not believe Him to have put on our flesh and to have walked upon this earth in such poverty and loneliness. When therefore the Gospels were read in the Refectory, I thought within myself, "The Evangelists do all they can to praise that Man," and then my heart would cry out within me, "Thou knowest it is not true that this Jesus is God," yet then I said in my heart, "I will die for

the truth of Christ's Divinity." Then would my heart cry again, "Thou wilt die for it, yet shalt thou see it is a thing of naught." And seeing that our father St. Augustine and other doctors of the first four centuries wrote and preached that this Jesus was God, then I thought within myself, "How strange that such wise men should fall into such folly as to dare assert of this Man whom they never saw, that He is God." Yet notwithstanding all these temptations I was all the while a good and true Catholic. But God Almighty suffered me to be thus tempted because my experience enabled me in after times to free many others who were buffeted with the same temptation."

The Creeds held the doubter in spite of himself.

How strange is the power of these Creeds to interpret human emotion and the vague groping of the spirit. Their power continues, though it is no longer backed by Popes and priests and hells and purgatories. Piers Plowman obviously doubted of sacerdotal authority. He hated to think that the mass of men were to be punished forever; and he observes, by the way, that the ordinary public "misbelieve," and openly talk of their misbelief in taverns and places of public resort. There is no doubt that at this time even the most ignorant world made mental efforts to get away from the unspeakable horrors of the doctrine of damnation without daring absolutely to refute it. "Some men insisted that souls would become clinkered by perpetual roasting." We doubt whether the efforts of our more rigid extremists to reconcile the minatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed with what the Bible calls "his own mercies" are much less pathetic or any less silly. A form of political scepticism was also common then, Mr. Coulton tells us—instancing the Emperor Frederick II as a political sceptic. Hating sacerdotalism, he threw doubt on the doctrines most associated with

the priesthood, and led men to depreciate the spirit while they exulted in the perishability of the letter. On the Continent the same form of scepticism is perhaps the commonest today among plain men. By a strange irony of fate, they associate Christ with Priests and Levites, Scribes and Pharisees, the rulers of this world and the tithing of mint and rue; consequently they withdraw themselves from His company. Even among the truly religious, the men who lived their lives, as a few men live now, with the thought of God always before them, we find evidence of doubt. Mr. Coulton does not quote, but he might have quoted, a bit of Luther's table-talk in which he wonders whether even St. Paul felt as much faith as he declared, sadly admitting that he himself expressed more assurance in preaching than in his silent moments he could feel.

The modern world is freed of at least one doubt which was common in ages which we alternately speak of as Dark and Faithful. Downright rebellion against God is now very rare, so rare, we think, that it might almost be called insanity when it exists. William Rufus declared: "God shall never have me good, for all the evil He hath brought upon me." The human heart does not change, but men of a rebellious spirit have an outlet in scientific scepticism—a scepticism as peculiar to our world as William Rufus's was to his. On the whole, the scientific form is a much better form than the older one. Men are obviously much less hurt morally by a refusal to believe in God than by a low conception of the Divine character. A great schoolmaster endeavoring always to break by severity the spirit of his scholars is a conception which belongs to the Dark Ages. Better to believe in chance than in such a God.

It is strange how each age strives to find somewhere a time in which doubt did not exist. The religious look for it

in the future, the irreligious seek it in the past. There never was, and probably there never will be, such a time. In the childhood of Christianity scepticism was regarded as sin. In the present time it is thought of as a misfortune. But anyhow, whether we look upon it as sin or as suffering, it is an undeniable fact. Probably it is for the good of the world and for the health of the Church that it should be so. Why individuals should be thus sacrificed to the body politic is not within man's wisdom to comprehend. No problem of pain is, indeed, less comprehensible than that presented to us by the mental agony of the would-be religious man. Words are recorded from the Cross which lead us to suppose that even to this branch of human suffering Christ was not strange. In the worst dilemmas of life religion offers no sort of explanation. Its cure is sympathetic, *The Spectator*.

not intellectual. After all, the plain man is no philosopher, and, as with a child, it is companionship and not argument which he asks for in the dark. Meanwhile, so far as faith is concerned, all ages are in much the same case, and the conception of God alters, but not radically. When the conception of the Divine personality shrinks to the stature of a harsh King, the human heart finds an outlet for tenderer conceptions in the thought of a Queen of Heaven in whom every womanly quality is made perfect; and when the Heavenly Hierarchy seems too far off, saints appear on the ladder which stretches from Heaven to earth. It is not reasonable; but religion for the plain man is not a matter of reason. It is upon the rock of his intuition that the Church is built, and it is amid the storms of his doubts that she will ever display her Divine strength.

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## OUT OF THE REBELLION.

The first morning no post came the parlormaid reported that some one had called and told a cock-and-bull story to the effect that there was a strike in Dublin and we might not get any letters for a week. "Stuff-and-nonsense!" we said, "the line is under water." Still, there was a very odd silence as we walked across the flooded bogs: it was hardly the absence of trains, for the engines were whistling at the junction—to keep their hearts up, perhaps; but in some inexplicable way calamity had traveled by the air. The whole lonely bog country listened. There was not a sound but the call of the plover, making silence more deeply felt.

The boy who was due at Sandhurst the day after tomorrow went into the country town for newspapers, and came back empty-handed, with an incredible story. There was a rising of

Sinn Feiners in Dublin. The Boyne Viaduct had been blown up—by the Orangemen—to prevent Lord Wimborne entering Belfast; the Broadstone Station was in the hands of the Sinn Feiners, so was the Castle; thirty bridges had been blown up in the South; a cattle train on the Midland had been blown up in mistake for a train of artillery, and the artillery train coming along had shared the same fate.

After that a pall of silence, impenetrable, only lit with the lurid rumors. A loyal and a disloyal regiment had fired on each other in Dublin. Renmore Barracks was in the hands of the Sinn Feiners and the garrison had joined them. The Belfast Orangemen were marching on Dublin. The Vice-Regal Lodge had been captured and the Lord-Lieutenant was a prisoner. Westport House, Lord Sligo's residence,



had been blown up. Every hour a new rumor reached us, one more terrifying than the other.

Think of a lone house in the midst of the bogs, one of us being the Government representative in these parts; not a single neighbor but the tiny farmhouses that hide themselves away in folds and wrinkles of the bog country, not even a motor-car to take the women-folk to the mountains, hemmed in, as we firmly believed, between the Germans and the Sinn Feiners, for rebellion in Dublin connoted to us the German invasion which has been the nightmare of the War. The family was not at all afraid of the Sinn Feiners, but was desperately afraid of the Germans. The women servants were, on the other hand, desperately afraid of the Sinn Feiners, whom they looked upon as "Larkin's lot." The women servants are two sisters and a niece. If you talked till you were black in the face you could not persuade them that they were not in the most desperate peril from advancing Sinn Feiners, whose objective was, first, the lone house in the middle of the bogs; second, a small cottage on the edges of County Clare and County Limerick where the old mother lives; "and sure, if they were to come, wouldn't they frighten the life out of the creature!"

All that day, whenever one looked out of the window from the only hill in the countryside, one peered fearfully for gray uniforms and spiked helmets going one by one by the bare hedges of the road. The magistrate was about his business, the Sandhurst boy was wondering if he could get through tomorrow; his sister was anathematizing the fate that had placed her out of the rebellion, and the remaining one went on with her tale of the beloved rebel of a hundred and twenty years ago. And to see her so engaged had an oddly tranquilizing effect on the nerves of the women servants.

One did not much want to go to bed that Tuesday night. There was always the stark terror of the men in gray. But the night passed quietly.

The next day one began to realize what it was to live amid an agricultural population. Mayo has never done anything yet in the world's history except to fight for its lands. A hundred and twenty years ago Humbert sent the garrison flying before him in the famous "Castlebar Races" from Killala to Castlebar, but received very little help for himself and his veterans from the people he had come to deliver from the English yoke. Over an imaginary frontier line in Galway you find quite a different people. Galway was "up"; plenty of trouble at Athenry. But Wednesday was market day in our country town. You met all the people coming back from market with their donkeys and creels. They were talking of nothing but the prices they had got. We stopped an old man bringing back a pink boneen (i.e., piglet) unsold from the market, to ask if there was any news. He put his hand behind his ear.

"I can't hear ye," he said. "Talk slow and don't bawl. What wor ye askin' me?"

We tried to talk slow and not bawl, but we did not succeed in making ourselves understood.

"I never seen worse," he said, referring to the market. "I couldn't sell the pig. They wor sayin' there was some bad work up in Dublin."

Some one told me afterwards that you might go through the market the whole morning and never hear the Rebellion mentioned, except as affecting prices.

That evening came the first message from the outside world, sent by private wire from the Vice-Regal Lodge to the station master at Broadstone to be transmitted down the line: "During the night a gunboat came up the Liffey and shelled Liberty Hall, the

headquarters of the Sinn Fein forces." Some one expressed a wish that Larkin was inside it, like the great Earl Kil-dare when he excused himself for burning the Cathedral of Cashel by saying that he thought the Archbishop was inside. Some one else remembered the civil and patient crowd that used to stand outside Liberty Hall during the great strike of 1913, their faces all turned one way, waiting for the oracle to speak.

By Friday we began to ask each other the day of the month. The weather had changed miraculously from cold and depressing rain to the most wonderful blue and gold. Such clouds as were never seen outside Connaught floated on a sapphire sky. The mountains had gone into the haze. A drying East wind was blowing and everyone was in the fields. Such a bleating of happy lambs who had been born into a cold and inhospitable world! Such a singing of birds! Such a waking-up of primroses and uncurling of leaf-buds!

A farmer left his sowing to come out on the road and ask us the news. A superior farmer this, with a gaunt two-story dwelling-house of the unimaginative kind erected by the Congested Districts Board, over which some one is trying to grow a creeper. He is concerned with the Rebellion. In the first place, his daughter is at school in a Dublin convent. We assure him amiably that she is quite out of the firing-line. She is, as a matter of fact, very close to it, but the Recording Angel will crop a tear over this disingenuousness. In the second place, he sees how the Rebellion will affect him. "There will be no more money for Land Purchase," he says, and shakes his head sorrowfully. "Was there ever anything so uncalled-for?"

Every time the windows shake—and when do they not shake? (the name of the house is Irish for "steep hill," it is certainly the only hill for many

miles)—we feel sure that it is the gun-boats battering Athenry and Oranmore.

On Saturday some one has got a *Sketch* and a *Daily Mail*—out of the skies. We are not fortunate enough to see them, but the local paper, which usually has no readers among us, has a fine account, largely imaginary, of the Rebellion. We all hate the one who possesses it and reads tit-bits from it between the mouthfuls at lunch, quite disregarding the offers made of going on with the reading while he eats. The hateful selfishness of man!

Saturday evening we meet a motor-car—or some one does—full of nuns, and driven by a man obviously a gentleman at the top of his speed. We at once conclude that these are refugee nuns from Athenry warned off before the bombardment, although you may see nuns any day at all, on outside cars even, changing from one of their convents to another.

At the end of the longest Sunday I have ever known comes a stalwart policeman with a bulletin. We had been sitting on a fallen tree in the pine-wood, our feet on violets, primroses, and moss as deep as a Turkey carpet, remarking gloomily that a snipe would get rheumatism in Connaught, when the messenger came. Pearse had surrendered. The cordon of soldiers is being drawn tighter round the Four Courts area. Madame Markievicz is reported to be inside. Connolly killed.

One thinks all the time of the cordon being drawn tighter and tighter. Necessary, of course, but what if one is of the stuff that secretly creeps at night when the cook sleeps to let the mouse out of the trap? By this time one has ceased to look for the gray-clad spike-helmeted figures coming one by one or marching.

The next morning there is another bulletin. A general surrender. It is a heavenly day. We think it will be safe, as we had not thought it yesterday, to motor with the magistrate to Tuam

which is in the disturbed Galway. He loves the Galway men, though they give him much more trouble than these industrious Mayo peasants. At Tuam they all are talking of the Rebellion. The blockade is lifted. We are able to buy three *Daily Sketches*. And a Galway man has been to Dublin and back and brought real, authentic news.

The New Witness.

But there is grief in the Mayo cottages. The merchant who comes to collect the eggs is missing. There is a wild rumor that it may be weeks before he comes. Eggs are down to a shilling a score. And a train-load of pigs has been turned back from the Limerick borders.

Katharine Tynan.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Behold the Woman" by T. Everett Harré is the story of Mary, a great courtesan who lived in Alexandria under the reign of Theodosius the Great. We learn of her childhood and the forces which drove her to a life of sin, of the height of her power, and of her conversion to Christianity. The book reconstructs Alexandria of that day in its barbaric splendor, its savage cruelty, its luxury and its excesses. The pages which tell of a massacre of the Christians which Mary incited are as terrible in their catalogue of horrors as anything which has been written on the subject. It is to be supposed that the author seeks by this effect to accentuate the miracle of Mary's conversion, but it seems as if the vividness and reality with which the barbarisms are described sought to fascinate rather than simply to inform the reader. There is absent that element of restraint which alone can make of such a book a moral force. J. B. Lippincott Company.

The vagaries of the German spy hold the center of the stage in Natalie Sumner Lincoln's clever story "I Spy." The action of the story takes place in the higher circles of Washington society, and the heroine, the daughter of a man of mystery, is an object of dreadful suspicion when she is found in an elevator with the body of a man who has been assassinated, and the real murderer goes free to plan new

mischiefs. The author invents a new defensive weapon, but does not divulge its secret, but German efforts to discover it surround its hiding place with secret agents quite devoid of scruples, and very well supplied with money. The mystery of the tale remains inviolate until the very last chapter, and then leaves the reader with the pleasing thought that his apparently blameless dwelling may be paved, walled and roofed with wires carrying secret messages to the ends of the earth, and betraying the secrets of the mighty. D. Appleton & Company.

"Persuasive Peggy," by Maravene Thompson, is a comedy of the clash of wills; a radical wife versus a conservative husband. Peggy marries the "catch of three counties" with the firm intention of winding him round her finger forever. Edward Trowbridge, her husband, has never before had his wishes disregarded nor his commands set aside. Before Peggy has finished making entries in the diary which she began on her wedding day and completed ten years later, Trowbridge has become a model husband and all the improvements in their home and in their way of living which Peggy set her heart upon have been carried out. The situations which arise are amusing and Peggy's originality and persistence turn many a trying situation into a triumph. The note of

humorous exaggeration prevents the story from becoming tiresome or monotonous. The book belongs to the category of idle hour literature; read from that standpoint it is pleasing and its vivacity is tonic. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

It is a Far West exceedingly boastful of its size, and a little inclined to profess to be sadly wild, that Eugene Manlove Rhodes chooses to employ as the scene of his "The Desire of the Moth." His moth is a very good fellow, and the star bears the very obvious name of Stella, and many other moths circle about her, sometimes bumping their heads most grievously, sometimes seeming to be dead, and then reviving at junctures very inconvenient for their rivals. Their gyrations among the hills and mesas composing the scenery of Arizona are the incidents of the little book in which Mr. Rhodes compresses a story of plotting, shooting, and indiscriminate arresting, ending with a promise of justice for the criminals and content for everybody else except the original moth who sturdily conceals his feelings, and smiles steadily. Everybody in the story speaks a crazy-quilt dialect of cowboy and gambler Arizonese and Kiplingese, and Mr. Rhodes occasionally drops into it himself. An hour's private reading, or two hours of amusement for a little company lie between the covers of this small volume which has two good illustrations by H. T. Dunn. Henry Holt and Company.

Lucky the man who marries a woman with a sense of humor, and such was Sonny Carson, husband of Julietta, and happy was their joint adventure as related by Sophie Kerr in "Love at Large." They scatter mischief on all sides, behaving like irresponsible babies but always emerging joyously from all their experiments and joyously triumphing over all who have hoped to

exult in their defeat. Julietta sometimes triumphs when she is wilfully wrong, for "Love at Large" is not an "improving" book; and then she triumphs under such difficulties that one delights in her success, and twice she conducts herself like an angel. When she goes into politics, she becomes almost incredibly artful, and does all the things prophesied of her by the opponents of "votes for women." From her rare differences with her husband she generally comes forth victorious, but once the author makes him assert himself and, being a model wife, Julietta submits and has the "time of her life." She writes stories but she keeps house perfectly and is so adored by her servants that they aid her in a conspiracy to improve their master's temper. This is the twentieth century Griselda and all gentle ladies will agree that she is "a perfect dear." Sophie Kerr tells her story in a series of chapters each complete in itself but connected by a slight thread of narrative, thus adapting the book for many uses. Harper & Brothers.

Frederic C. Howe's "Why War" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a timely, shrewd and interesting analysis of the forces which make for war and the measures which must be taken to neutralize them. Strongly partisan readers will brand it as "pro" half a dozen things and "anti" as many more; but in reality, it steers a course of broad impartiality. The field which it covers is so broad and the interrelation of its topics so intricate that, although the book itself is unusually simple and lucid in treatment, a brief notice can only suggest an outline of its thought. Europe, in the first place, is still largely dominated by its great landed proprietors. With the development of modern industry, a huge surplus wealth has accumulated in their hands and in those of the great

financiers, merchants, and munition makers whose interests are inseparably interlocked with theirs. This wealth has sought investment in the undeveloped, uncivilized parts of the earth, and then appealed to its own state for protection against the inefficiency and corruption of native governments. With Lord Palmerston's declaration that property in foreign lands would be protected as well as life, the development of modern imperialism began with a rush. Peaceful penetration, spheres of influence, protectorates, dependencies and finally wars followed in rapid order. The nations of Europe rushed to seize the unoccupied parts of the earth. In the ensuing fears and jealousies, but especially in those which arose out of the Morocco affair and the German attempt to build a railroad to the Persian Gulf, are to be sought the immediate causes of the present war. Dr. Howe's chief suggestions for the prevention of further wars are the shifting of the burden of taxation from the common people to the ruling classes, the democratization of foreign affairs, and the nationalization of munition factories.

A virtuous and high-minded woman once upon a time married an equally virtuous and high-minded man, not because she loved him, but because the man who had made her love him was already wedded. How the pair escaped from the tribulation consequent upon their alliance is related in Emma Wolf's "Fulfillment: a California Novel," and emphatically a story of the new frankness, the frankness pledged to be silent about no human matter and to scorn blushes as sins. The finest things in the book are the passages describing the aspect and the charm of a beautiful baby who wins all hearts, joining them in worship of her, and, dying, leaves her memory to unite all who have known her. Given the unloving and capricious wife, Deb

the clever and ingenious sister, and George the loving father make their hearts the shrine wherein she is enthroned forever. As for the unworthy lover, he is as if he had never been. The plot is early Victorian, with eugenics added for spice. The result is as plain spoken as Smollett, but the dialect differs from the Englishman's as much as his differs from Dinah Maria Mulock's. The author rather despises the early Victorians. She will never be taken for anything but a writer of the militant Kaiser's time. She excels in collecting types of feminine spitefulness and a fine bouquet of them might be made from her pages. The story is told in letters, telegrams, telephone messages and journals, but it never stagnates, and there is no doubt about its success. Its subjects are in the air, almost in the preparatory schools. Henry Holt and Company.

"Net of Steel" is written by Cyrus Townsend Brady, and Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jr., father and son. In the preface the authors state that this is "a book for men, about men, and written by men," and that whatever else may be wanting, the engineering is perfect. It deals with the building of a bridge and the erection of a dam. The bridge and the woman of the story are made equally fascinating to the reader, and it would seem that the authors endow the woman with those qualities which make a good bridge; strength, beauty, endurance, reliability. Written for men, as it avowedly is, the story will appeal no less to all women who like a strong, unusual, well-knit tale. It begins where many books end, with a proposal of marriage; then comes a period of failure and apparent disgrace for the hero, with an opportunity for him to win back the world's recognition and his lady as well. The book rings with the spirit of loyalty, high purpose, honest work, and achievement. Fleming H. Revell Company.